

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

"MR. PUNCH" AND "TOBY, M.P.," DEFEND A LIBEL SUIT.

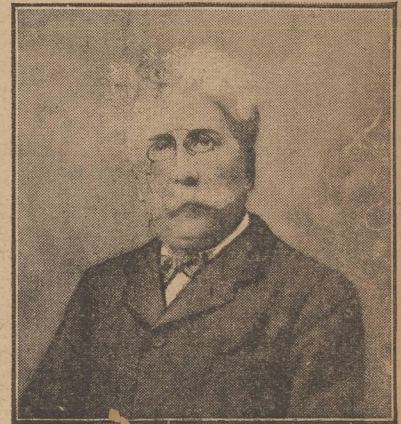


Mr. FREDERICK MOY THOMAS (the plaintiff). —
(Russell.)



Mr. Justice Darling: "Punch" should not be taken in
the spirit of "The Spectator."

The Bench points a moral and draws a nice
distinction.



MR. HENRY W. LUCY, "Toby, M.P." (defendant). —
(Russell.)



"TOBY, UNLIKE OTHER DOGS, IS NOT EVEN
ENTITLED TO ONE BITE."

The Law's tribute to "Toby's" intelligence.



"Mr. PUNCH" (defendant.)



Mr Birrell:
"DO NOT OFTEN HAVE
THE PRIVILEGE OF
ADDRESSING A JURY..."

Witty Counsel's unaccustomed duty.



MR. HENRY DICKENS, K.C. (for the plaintiff). —
(Elliott and Fry.)



MR. JUSTICE DARLING. — (Russell.)



MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, K.C. (for the defendants).
(Russell.)

The hearing of the libel action brought by Mr. Moy Thomas against the proprietors of "Punch" and Mr. H. W. Lucy was concluded yesterday. The jury upheld Mr. Thomas's contention that his book, "Fifty Years in Fleet-street: the Life and Recollections of Sir John Robinson," had been unfairly criticised by the defendants, and awarded him £300 damages. We reproduce photographs and sketches of the principal personages engaged in the case. — (For full report see page 5.)

PIRATE STILL AT LARGE.

Rebel Battleship Establishes
a Reign of Terror.

CORSAIRS EXPLOIT.

Mutineers Attack and Capture a
Cattle-Boat.

FRUITLESS PURSUIT.

The desperate men on board the Kniaz Potemkin have created a panic in the Black Sea.

Their most recent act of piracy is the capture of the Grand Duke Alexis, which was carrying a cargo of cattle from Theodosia to Sevastopol.

The iron pirate is now lying off Theodosia, waiting for the fulfilment of demands made for provisions and coal. Unless 500 tons of coal are supplied at once the mutineers threaten to bombard the town.

The punishment inflicted on the mutineers of the Georgi Pobiedonosets, forty-five of whom are reported to have been shot, is not likely to bring their fellow mutineers to any better frame of mind.

A number of warships and torpedo-boats are seeking for the Kniaz Potemkin, but are experiencing an unaccountable difficulty in finding her. It is believed that when the meeting occurs the mutineers will fight with all the courage born of desperation.

TOWN IN TERROR.

Potemkin Demands Coal with Threats of
Bombarding Theodosia.

THEODOSIA, Thursday.—By order of the Kniaz Potemkin, representatives of the town yesterday went on board the battleship, where they were received in the Admiral's cabin by the commission commanding the ship, who demanded the delivery of 500 tons of coal, besides supplies of meat, lard, cattle, mineral oil, tobacco, and matches, within twenty-four hours, during which time the crew would remain on board.

In case of non-compliance with this demand, the authorities were informed that the inhabitants would be given notice to quit the town, which would then be bombarded.

The mayor was further requested to issue a proclamation to the population demanding the termination of the war and the convocation of the Zemstvos, and calling upon the people to join the revolutionists.

The inhabitants are in a state of panic and are fleeing. Great excitement prevails among the workmen, who demand compliance with the terms of the mutineers.

An extraordinary meeting of the municipal council was afterwards held, and it was decided to furnish the battleship with the provisions needed, but to refuse to supply the coal on the ground that there was none in the town.—Reuter.

WAITING THE FIRST SHOT.

THEODOSIA, Thursday.—In compliance with orders from the authorities, the inhabitants have left the town.

Only the troops, the police, and other officials remain. The first shot from the Kniaz Potemkin is expected this evening.—Reuter.

CORSAIR EXPLOIT.

Cattle, Provisions, and Money Taken from a
Russian Merchantman.

ODESSA, Thursday.—The Odessa agent of the Russian Navigation and Commerce Company has received information that the Kniaz Potemkin captured one of the company's ships, the Grand Duke Alexis, yesterday.

It appears that the Grand Duke Alexis, which was carrying a cargo of cattle, was on her way from Theodosia to Sebastopol when she was met near the former port by the Kniaz Potemkin, which seized her and took off all the cattle and provisions and even the money on board.—Reuter.

SCRATCH CREWS.

PARIS, Thursday.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Matin" states that four torpedo-boats, the crews of which consist mainly of officers, have been sent from here in pursuit of the Kniaz

Potemkin, with instructions to either capture or sink her. The Potemkin has on board 750,000 roubles (£750,000).

After the vessels of the Black Sea Fleet had been disarmed at Sevastopol three cruisers were recommissioned by order of the Tsar, the engine-room complement of each vessel being made up mainly of railway men.—Exchange.

MERCANTILE MUTINY.

Crew of a Russian Cargo Steamer Refuse to
Obey Orders.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Thursday.—The British Consulate has issued a warning to mariners to keep on the look out and to beware of the Kniaz Potemkin.

A strike has broken out among the crew of the Russian steamer Emperor Nicolai II., at present lying here.

The vessel arrived last week from Egypt on her way to Odessa, and was detained here in consequence of the disturbance at the latter place.

The owners decided to send the ship back to Alexandria, but the men refused to proceed, and insisted upon going to Odessa.—Reuter.

MUTINEERS EXECUTED.

PARIS, Thursday.—A telegram to the "Eclair" from Odessa states that forty-five sailors of the Pobiedonosets who refused to receive the oath of fidelity have been shot.—Reuter.

PEACE COMMISSIONERS DEPART.

TOKIO, Thursday.—Baron Komura and the other members of the Japanese Peace Commission were to-day received in farewell audience by the Emperor prior to their departure for Washington, and were also entertained at luncheon by his Majesty.—Reuter.

GREAT MOTOR-BOAT RACE.

International Contest Across the Channel
and Back.

A motor-boat race has been arranged by the Automobile Club de France, to take place on Saturday, July 15.

The course will be from Boulogne to Folkstone and back again, a distance of fifty-one nautical miles.

The boats competing will be of three classes—racers, cruisers, and fishing smacks—and each class will be sub-divided into four divisions, according to length.

Among the English boats already entered are the Napier II. (racer) and the cruisers Napier and Hulton II.

The international interest of the race will exceed that of last year from Calais to Dover.

"BLOODSUCKING OFFICIALS."

Lord Stanley Denounces Agitation by Postal
Servants as Blackmail.

The agitation among Post Office employees for higher wages was scathingly denounced in the House of Commons yesterday by Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General.

Neither he, remarked his lordship, nor his predecessor, could accept the Bradford Committee as an arbitration committee, but as a means of obtaining information.

If, however, their recommendations were adopted, it would mean an annual increase of £2,500,000 in wages.

In animated terms his lordship protested against the political threats with which members were bombarded by the representatives of postal servants.

"It amounts to nothing less than blackmail, asking members to purchase votes at the expense of the general taxpayer," he declared, "and both sides of the House will have to devise some means to stop this continual bloodsucking on behalf of public servants."

CAREFUL OF PICTURE POSTCARDS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—The picture postcard enthusiast is a power in France. The Postmaster-General has issued a circular to the heads of post-offices warning them against the practice of so postmarking picture cards as to spoil the pictures, for fear of "justifiable claims for damages" on the part of the recipients.

TO WELCOME ENGLISH BRIDE.

STOCKHOLM, Thursday.—Great preparations are being made to welcome Prince Gustavus Adolphus and Princess Margaret on Sunday, when they arrive by the royal yacht Drak.

After driving to the castle in a state carriage with six horses, they will be received by the King, Queen, and Royal Family in the red room. A Te Deum will be sung in the royal chapel in the afternoon.—Reuter.

LORD BUTE'S NOVEL WEDDING.

Played Into Church by a Pro-
cession of Pipers.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

KILSARAN (Co. Louth), Thursday.—Amidst much rejoicing, and surrounded by all the picturesque-ness which Scottish and Irish national costumes and customs could impart, the Marquis of Bute was married to-day to Miss Augusta Bellingham at Kilsaran Roman Catholic Church, Co. Louth, Ireland.

The Marquis, who is only twenty-four, is one of the richest men in the world, having inherited over £7,000,000 from his father five years ago. Besides being Marquis of Bute, he is Earl of Windsor, Viscount Mountjoy, Baron Mount Stuart, Baron Cardiff, Earl of Dumfries, Viscount Ayr, Lord Crichton of Sanguhar and Cumnock, Earl of Bute, Viscount Kingarth, Lord Mount Stuart, Cumrae and Inchmarrock.

The bride is a member of an ancient Northumberland house, the first Sir Henry Bellingham having been knighted after the battle of Wakefield by Henry VI.

Long before ten o'clock, the hour fixed for the wedding, the people from the country round were assembling on jaunting cars and on foot. The little village of Castlebellingham and the mile of road to the church were gay with decorations.

Shortly before ten o'clock the hilarious strains of skirling bagpipes, played by four stout stailart Scottish pipers, were heard from Castlebellingham.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDE.

Down came the Marquis with his best man, Lord Ninian Stuart, each wearing Highland dress of Royal Stuart tartan, and the Marchioness of Bute followed shortly after. The pipers made an imposing show as spiritedly skirling they played the Marquis into the church grounds.

The arrival of the bride was signalled by still louder cheering. She walked from the carriage up the avenue leaning on the arm of her father, the bagpipes playing furious music until the bride was half-way up the avenue. Then a procession was formed, headed by a choir of boys in white surplices.

The bridesmaids, Miss May Bellingham, Lady Margaret Stuart, Miss Crichton Stuart, Lady Norah Noel, and Miss Ismay Preston, made a lovely group. They were attired in cream-coloured dresses and wore "Colleen" hooded cloaks of St. Patrick's blue, blue waistbands, and satin shoes of the same colour. This yielded charming variety to the scene in the church, which was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers.

PIPERS PLAY FAREWELL.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. P. Fagan, assisted by the Rev. J. Murtagh. Nuptial Mass was then celebrated, and the choir of boys sang appropriate music. The message from the Pope blessing the union and the homes of the bride and bridegroom, was also read.

After the ceremony there was a breakfast at the Castle; and then the Marquis and his bride drove off for the little seaside village of Annagassan, the bridesmaids standing at the porch each armed with rice—in a slipper, which was laughingly flung at the pair as they drove off.

The wedding party followed in carriages, and then the life line of the wedding was towed off to the steamer Princess Maud, which took them to Scotland for the honeymoon, the pipers meanwhile playing "Johnny Stuart's Gone Awa," and guns being fired from the shore.

WAS SPAIN TO BLAME?

Franc-German Imbroglio in Morocco Said To
Be Due to Spanish Indiscretion.

"The indiscretion of Spain" was the cause of the whole of the imbroglio between France, Germany, and Morocco. So says the "Gil Blas," which paper is (says Reuter) responsible for the statement that the trouble was due to Spain's action in communicating to Germany the terms of her secret agreement with France.

A dispatch to the "Echo de Paris" from Fez states that Morocco is endeavouring to dispose of the German demands, and Count Tattenbach is making no effort to obtain further advantages.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

It is definitely stated in Washington that Mr. Elihu Root has accepted the post of Secretary of State.

During the German exercises at Eckenforde Bay yesterday the battleship Worth ran down torpedo-boat S124, killing three stokers.

The outbreak of yellow jack at Panama is spreading. Ninety of the Government clerical staff and fifty of the nurses have been attacked.

Excitement on the Liverpool cotton market has subsided, and yesterday prices opened 2 to 4 points down, and in a few hours were from 10 to 11 points down.

PALACE CIRCUS.

Elephant and Pigmies Amuse the
Royal Family.

PRINCESS'S BIRTHDAY.

The royal garden-party given at Buckingham Palace yesterday afternoon in honour of the birthday of Princess Victoria was a great success.

About half-past five a procession, headed by the Duke of Connaught, the Portuguese Minister (the Marquis de Soveral), her Majesty the Queen, dressed in heliotrope, with a hat to match, trimmed with purple flowers, and Princess Victoria, in grey silk, came from the Palace, and made its way across the lawn to a shady recess near the lake, where, surrounded by trees, a number of chairs were arranged in a semi-circle.

In the procession was Lady Howe, who was wheeled in a bath-chair, and who wore a green picture hat; Colonel Legge, and a host of celebrities and their children, the latter being headed by the little Princess in sailor suits.

The guests being seated, an informal entertainment was commenced about six o'clock.

The first item was a performance given by Thersa, the marvellous musical and calculating pony from the Royal Italian Circus.

Nimble Nip, the clever clown, asked Thersa all manner of questions, relating to numbers and coins, and much satisfaction was expressed by the audience at the manner in which she played "Home, Sweet Home" and "God Save the King" on the bells.

ARRIVAL OF THE PYGMIES.

The pygmies from the Hippodrome followed. They were introduced by Mr. F. Weinel, and gave a weird and interesting exhibition of native dancing. The Duke of Connaught was greatly interested in the performance of the little men, and asked several questions concerning them and their habits.

The success of the Royal party, however, was Jumbo Junior, the baby elephant from the Italian Circus.

A prolonged "Oh!" from the children present greeted his advent, and there was quite a stampede of little ones to pat his back as he passed.

As he approached the Queen he extended his trunk, and her Majesty gave him the first present he had received that day, a sweet.

"Get some buns," said her Majesty, and a raid was made for the refreshment tent, from which a gentleman emerged triumphant with a bunch of bananas, which the Queen presented to Jumbo Junior, one by one.

At length Signor Volpi called the elephant away, and Jumbo mounted on a little tub preparatory to playing the mouth-organ. Just as he was about to strike up a popular melody his eye caught the smiling face of the Queen, and to his trainer's consternation Jumbo jumped off his tub and returned to her Majesty's side.

The audience applauded loudly, the little Princess rushed across and patted the elephant, while the Queen fed him until the supply of fruit and cakes, ample as it was, was exhausted.

TRIUMPH OF THE BABY ELEPHANT

Mr. Charles Bertram next introduced, greatly to the delight of Prince Eddy, some feats of magic, and presented Princess Victoria, in honour of her birthday, with a bouquet which he evolved apparently from nowhere!

During the whole of his performance the elephant stood by the Queen's side, and refused to go away, and at the conclusion of the entertainment Jumbo had the distinguished honour of escorting her Majesty for a little walk round the audience, where he was introduced to the Duke of Connaught and Princess Victoria, who, despite her Majesty's hospitality, insisted on regaling little Jumbo with Tasmanian apples.

The royal party seemed highly pleased with their entertainment, and there was no limit to the delight of the little princes.

FRENCH SUBMARINE SUNK.

Sad Disaster Re-utes an Admiral's Recent
Boast of Immunity.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Thursday.—Only the other day a French Admiral boasted that no French submarine had been sunk.

Now one has foundered at Ferryville on the coast of Tunis. The boat sank in fifty fathoms water, and thirteen lives were lost.

At the time of the accident only one officer was on deck; the officer commanding and another member of the crew being below, had saved themselves.

NO CALL FOR CHAMP

The Great Northern Railway has declined the "Railway Magazine," to convert into the form of the money it has invested in champagne.

PRINCE DINES IN. A FLORAL BASKET.

East of Lucullus for the Japanese
Royal Guests.

FAIRY SCENE.

Japan in miniature seemed to have been transported to the courtyard of the Savoy Hotel when the Prince and Princess Arisugawa were entertained there at a delightful and original banquet last night.

Sixty guests, of whom fourteen were Japanese, were invited by Captain Kaburaki, Naval Attaché at the Japanese Legation, to dine amid surroundings altogether beautiful and Oriental.

The old courtyard of the Savoy Hotel had been converted for the time being into the likeness of a large Japanese sitting-room. The walls were of matting, with a dado of Japanese lacquer work. Twelve richly embroidered silk curtains hung at intervals round the room, which was ceiled in green silk adorned with Japanese figures.

An Oriental Fairyland.

But the most interesting feature was the table. This was like no other dining table ever seen in England.

It was about 4ft. 6ins. wide and 120ft. long. But it was not straight; it was arranged in a shape suggesting a Japanese basket, an oval compressed in the middle, something like a figure 8.

Arched overhead transversely was the "handle," a beautiful semicircle, festooned with flowers. Scores of electric Japanese lanterns shed a soft radiance over the scene.

The sixty guests sat round the outer edge of the table, the inner half of which was covered throughout its length with a strip of live turf, along which ran a pathway of yellow sand.

This was divided from the diners' side of the table by a dainty little bamboo fence about four inches high, and decorated with Japanese flowers and diminutive plants.

But the space surrounded by the table was a veritable fairyland. Lengthwise flowed a stream of clear water, widening in the middle of its course to a miniature lake, where a fountain played, and where a "school" of goldfish disported themselves.

Landscape in Miniature.

On either side of the river rose mountains, perfect representations in miniature of Japanese scenery. The stream was spanned by little bridges, four of them at intervals, two suspension and two bamboo bridges.

Luxuriant vegetation, many of the marvellous dwarf trees that are found in Japan, and small flowering shrubs covered the landscape.

The menu, which contained a few Japanese dishes, was as follows:—

Meloa Cantalup Chacé.
Olla. St. Germain.
Cuite Samoues, froide au Champagne. Sauce Verte.
Chapou Rikocry.
Caille en Cuite à Diane.
Baron d'Agneau à la broche, Sauce Menthe.
Petits pois Grand mère.
Pommes Anna.
Délit de Jambon sur Socle.
Punch à la Reine.
Caneton de Rouen à l'Italienne.
Céars de Laitues.
Quartiers d'Artichauts à l'Italienne.
Bombe Saffil-Levant.
Friedishes.
Fraises rafraichies au Kirsch.

Among the guests were Viscount Hayashi, Admiral Sir John Fisher and Lady Fisher, and Sir William White.

The manager of the Savoy Hotel, Mr. Henry Pruger, completed the whole of the elaborate arrangements for this dinner in a single day.

DEFENCE OF SMALL FAMILIES.

Man with Ten Children Denounced as "An Arrant Fool."

"A man with a family of ten children is an arrant fool."

This emphatic statement was made by Alderman White during a discussion held by the Stockport Town Council on the evils of the falling birth-rate. The medical officer of Stockport, Dr. Meredith Young, brought the question before the council. He said that during 1904 only 2,568 births had been registered in the borough, which was equivalent to a birth-rate of 26.45 per 1,000 per annum—the lowest rate that had been recorded for twenty-two

such a state of things continues, said the England will sink to a position of secondary importance.

ELECTRIC BROUGHAM'S FATE.

Balcarras, replying to Mr. Marshall Hall's inflammatory paper yesterday, regrets that the displaying of the word "electric" cannot be prevented from the prohibition to appear in between 4 and 7 p.m.

MODEL INQUISITION.

\$25,000 Wanted for Grim Relics with a Strange History.

The most curious curiosity shop in the world is probably that of Mr. William Smith, Westminster. It is more an antiquarian museum than a shop. Behind the door old Mr. Smith has been waiting for years for a customer who will offer £25,000 for the lot.

He refuses to invite inspection by any British Museum expert, fearing the nation would offer only £10,000.

When the *Daily Mirror* called yesterday, Mr. Smith unlocked the door to admit him, and then turned the key again.

For the next three days Mr. Smith has had a great flitting. He has removed most of his curios to a "hall" specially built for their reception in Kennington-road. The "hall" is fifty feet long, seventeen feet wide, and fifteen feet high. In due time he will give the "hall" a name.

Dating to the Spanish Inquisition, the hideous figures and ingenious machines of torture originally struck terror to the souls of heretics in the Council chamber of horrors at Lisbon 400 years ago. They are still capable of inspiring a nightmare to the best-balanced minds.

Behind a penance-box stands, or rather flies, a fearful and wonderful figure. When asked what it might be, Mr. Smith replied: "That is the devil himself, *liferize*." The Griffin at Temple Bar is tame by comparison.

When the Kennington Museum is opened, Mr. Smith said, he expects a wild scramble of antiquarians to buy the collection.

Formerly Mr. Smith was a prosperous butter merchant in Westminster. On retiring from business a wealthy man, he took to collecting antiquities, with a penchant for the relics of the Inquisition.

THOUSANDS AT HENLEY.

Popular Riverside Victories—The Gaekwar of Baroda as a Spectator.

It was a wonderful day at Henley yesterday, both as regards weather and the number of people who attended the regatta.

More than 14,000 people had arrived by train up to four o'clock, and every hour the crowd grew greater. The hovers at the Phyllis Club and Balliol College presented a brilliant picture of movement and colour. His Highness the Gaekwar of Baroda was a guest of the former.

Leander rowed a hard race against the Belgians as far as Thorley Court, when they went away and won easily.

One of the most popular wins of the day was that of the Eton boys over Christ College. One lady was so enthusiastic that she shouted out, "Oh, how pretty the boys look," and the crowd cheered wildly.

The predominant colour worn by the ladies was heliotrope, though nearly every colour in the rainbow had its votary.

TRAGEDY OF GOLF LINKS.

Inquest Opened on the Caddie Killed in a Sunday Fracas.

The sequel to the Walton-on-the-Hill Golf Links affray began at Southwark yesterday, when an inquest was opened with reference to the death of Edward Earl, which occurred on Sunday as a result, it is said, of injuries received in the fight. It will be remembered that on some caddies, of whom Earl was one, refusing to "caddy" on May 21 for 1s. 2d., and trying to prevent other caddies from doing so, a disturbance arose, in which Mr. C. T. Pilcher was attacked. In defending himself he struck a blow which, it is alleged, Earl received. Earl was taken unconscious to the hospital. Other villagers concerned were bound over.

It had been reported to him by his officer, said the coroner yesterday, that Earl received some injury, he believed a fracture of the skull, on May 21 at Walton-on-the-Hill. He was taken to Guy's Hospital, where he died.

Deep sympathy was expressed with the widow (who formally identified Earl) on behalf of the Walton Heath Golf Club and Mr. Pilcher. The inquiry was adjourned.

WATCHES NOT PLATE.

It was yesterday decided by Mr. Justice Channell, before the King's Bench, that completed watches are not gold and silver plate.

This important decision is the outcome of a test case brought by the Goldsmiths' Company to recover penalties from Mr. William Wyatt, a jeweller, of Ebury-street, Eaton-square, for selling gold and silver watches the cases of which had been stamped and hall-marked. It was contended that watches were gold and silver plate within the meaning of the Acts, but this contention failed, and the action was dismissed.

CHURCH ON DIVORCE.

Vigorous Condemnation in the
Canterbury Convocation.

INDIGNANT PROTESTS.

The conscience of the Church of England, which has never been easy on the subject of the remarriage of divorced persons, has become peculiarly sensitive of late, and yesterday, in the Lower House of Convocation, there was a wonderful consensus of opinion in condemnation of the manner in which some clergymen give assistance to such marriages.

Chancellor P. V. Smith, LL.D. (London), moved "That the English marriage law ought to be so amended as to preclude the remarriage in church during the lifetime of the other party to the divorce (a) of a party who has been divorced on account of his or her adultery, and (b) of the other party (except with the consent of the bishop of the diocese and the incumbent of the parish in which the remarriage is sought)."

Contrary to the Christian Faith.

Chancellor Smith said that the remarriage in church of divorced persons was a scandal, and was diametrically opposed to the Christian faith and the Church law.

He greatly regretted the continued growth of divorce cases which they saw in all classes of society, and urged that something ought to be done to make the remarriage in church impossible of persons who had been guilty of misconduct and persons who had been divorced.

The remarriage of divorced persons was a scandal to the Church and injury to the moral life of the nation, and an offence and injury to the moral sense of the nation.

Opposed All Such Marriages.

Mr. Pullagar went even further. He said he held marriage to be indissoluble, and his desire was that such steps should be taken as would preclude all marriage after divorce. He knew that cases would be referred to where young and innocent girls found themselves married to men with whom they found it impossible to live after marriage.

The contention in such cases would be that as innocent persons those women should not be precluded from the right to remarry in church. He held, however, that such cases were rare, and would not be sufficient to justify the Church in making exceptions.

It was not enough to have a divorce court and a divorce list which was growing worse and worse every year; but to permit remarriage in church of persons, either guilty or innocent parties, would be terrible, and he firmly opposed it.

Mr. Perkins also objected to the remarriage after divorce, even of the "innocent" party. They had only within the past few days had a case in the courts where sad admissions were made on both sides. There was the Ably case, and, according to the idea prevailing, Sir William Ably was the "innocent" party. (Laughter and "Hear, hear.")

Such a case showed how terrible a thing remarriage was, and what a mockery it was of the solemn service performed in the church.

Finally Chancellor Smith's motion was agreed to by an overwhelming majority.

MISS DOUGHTY'S FATE.

Mrs. Besant Regards the Sentence as "a Terrible Punishment."

Letters and requests for copies of the petition on behalf of Miss Florence Doughty continue to pour into the *Daily Mirror* office. Readers who wish for a copy of the petition are advised to apply to Miss Doughty's solicitors, Messrs. Barrington, Matthews, and Co., of 42, Great Marlborough-street, W.

Mrs. Annie Besant, who presides this week over the gatherings of the Theosophists, writes to the *Daily Mirror*:—

"Seven years is a terrible punishment, and to justify it would need a very serious crime; this, your brief account, does not seem to show."

Mr. Thomas Doughty, father of the unfortunate girl, writes to the *Daily Mirror*:—"May I ask you on behalf of my wife and myself to express our deepest feeling for the great interest so many ladies and gentlemen are taking on behalf of our unfortunate daughter, Florence?"

"Canadian" writes:—"Was it Mr. Justice Grantham who wept in a police court, when charged with an infraction of the building laws?"

"Strange that a mind, capable of being overwhelmed by so slight a calamity, could find only severity for a poor woman left destitute of everything, even of hope."

LIVERPOOL'S VAST DOCK SCHEME.

Liverpool Dock Board yesterday decided to apply to Parliament for powers to construct new docks, one 800 and another 1,000 feet long, two river entrances, and a sea wall, at a total cost of over £4,000,000.

MAGIC FLUID.

Will Make Everything Practically Everlasting Except Clothes.

The secret process of the mortar used 2,000 years ago in the building of the Acropolis, and whose flint-like hardness baffled science for centuries, has been re-discovered.

And its modern discoverer claimed before a distinguished audience of leaders of British industry at the Westminster Palace Hotel yesterday that he has applied the secret in directions the builders of the Acropolis never dreamed of.

He explained how he could render metals not only immensely more durable but rustproof as well.

Into a yellow fluid, to which the discoverer has given the name of "Zorene," were placed pieces of common slag. They were rendered absolutely watertight and far more durable than the hardest granite. Bars of jarrah wood dipped in became instantly impervious to water and infinitely more durable.

These and other experiments suggested a revolution in certain branches of industry.

Of course, the secret of the wonderful fluid was not revealed—that is the property of the discoverer and the small company which has been formed to develop the great invention.

It is the product of twenty-five years of research and labour on the part of the discoverer, who is a scientist and traveller. He is of Hungarian birth and noble family, but is domiciled in England.

It was whilst sojourning in Greece he was attracted to the problem of how the ancients succeeded in making their mortar time-proof, and ten long years passed before he met with any tangible success. Now wood, iron, and stone, he claims, can be made practically indestructible by the application of his invention.

But there is one disappointment for the family man. It will not make clothes everlasting.

EXPRESS SPEED OF MOTORS.

Terrific Pace at which Competitors Travelled in Gordon-Bennett Race.

The terrific speed of the twelve cars which completed the course of 343 miles in the Gordon-Bennett race on Wednesday may be judged from the table given below.

It will be seen that in no case was the average speed less than thirty-five miles an hour.

The following table has been carefully compiled from the table of net official times, and gives the average time each competitor took to go one mile:—

	1 mile in mins.
1. Théry (France)	1.23
2. Nazzari (Italy)	1.26
3. Cagno (Italy)	1.29
4. Caillois (France)	1.31
5. Werner (Germany)	1.41
6. Duray (France)	1.42
7. De Caters (Germany)	1.44
8. Rills (England)	1.484
9. Eap (England)	1.486
10. Bajan (Austria)	1.504
11. Bann (England)	1.51
12. Lytle (America)	1.67

DOG AS CHURCH GUARDIAN.

Keeps Watch and Ward Over Valuables in Westminster Cathedral.

A dog who goes to bed from 7 a.m. to 1 a.m. and guards thousands of pounds' worth of property at night is a curiosity.

Such a dog has lately come into the possession of the Sacristan of Westminster Cathedral, and, as his master told the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, proves from his wakeful habits a very valuable guard to the Cathedral at night. "He roams round in," he said, "peering into corners, and generally keeping a watchful eye on things."

"It happened that on three occasions people had hidden in the Cathedral with intent to plunder some of the valuable property; so I thought a dog would prove a useful help; and as thousands of pounds' worth of valuable plate and church property are in the Cathedral, he has been exceedingly so." "Jack," as he is called, is also an expert football player, having learnt the game from the Westminster Boys' Brigade, of which Mr. Hackett is the enthusiastic captain.

His picture appears on page 9.

VOLUNTEER DEBATE.

After all, a day will probably be given for discussion of the circular recently issued to the commanding officers of Volunteers. If so, Sir Ernest Flower will at once withdraw his blocking motion from the notice-paper, as he only put it there to obviate a premature discussion.

It is urged that if any battalions are disbanded no pecuniary liability should be allowed to fall on the commanding officers.

Sir William Garstin, during his recent trip to the Upper Nile, shot the largest elephant on record since the reconquest of the Soudan. Its tusks weighed 294lb.

"TOBY," M.P. MUST PAY £300.

Not Entitled by Law to His
First Bite.

JUDGE AS HUMORIST.

Possibly for the first time in his prolonged existence, "Mr. Punch" was yesterday ordered to pay damages—£300—for libel.

This may be very galling to the genial gentleman who weekly charms a large and select circle with his wit, but "Mr. Punch" and Mr. Moy Thomas, who sued him, may congratulate themselves on having given the prosaic Law Courts the brightest three days experienced recently by the habitués of the dim assemblies over which our Judges preside.

The case was purchased with literary suggestion. "Mr. Punch" figured as the defendant in consequence of a review of a book written by "Toby, M.P.," Mr. Henry Lucy.

Mr. Moy Thomas, who brought the action, was Lucy a colleague on the "Daily News" of Mr. Lucy, and was the author of the reviewed volume, which was a biography of the late Sir John Robinson, whose name is gratefully associated with some of the brightest chapters of journalism.

The Judicial Humorist.

The Judge was Mr. Justice Darling, who would not deny that he had something to do with those delectable volumes, "Scintillae Juris" and "Meditations in the Tea-Room."

For Mr. Lucy appeared Mr. Augustine Birrell, K.C., who when he is not the ardent politician or the brilliant advocate, fills in his time by writing books which people are compelled to read.

Against him was Mr. Dickens, K.C., the literary suggestiveness of whose name is always recalled and sustained whenever he appears in a case.

Mr. Justice Darling turned the usual dull process of summing up into a play of brilliant and good-natured humour.

He first instructed the jury that the reviewer, whose work was honestly and fairly done, had legal protection—the more so seeing that books were usually, as in this case, sent gratuitously to papers inviting criticisms.

"I don't know," his Lordship observed stily, "whether my official position absolutely requires me to be ignorant of a volume called 'Punch,' but it is a journal which is, or affects to be, amusing—a comic paper, giving itself to real comedy, and conducting its criticism on the whole with remarkable good temper.

"I do not myself remember an action against 'Punch' for libel. There may have been some, but if so they have been few and far between, and every week 'Punch' deals with things in a way which, if the criticism appeared elsewhere, would so annoy some one or other person that it would lead to an action.

Knew the Cover.

"As to the cover of the paper, I at least can confess that I know it," proceeded his Lordship amid general laughter, "as it has been put in evidence.

"You will see on the cover a picture of 'Punch' himself; and 'Punch' has a dog named 'Toby,' Mr. Lucy taking the position of 'Punch's' dog. He got himself elected to Parliament, and there he barks impossible things under the title of 'Toby, M.P.'"

The Court laughed comendously, and those "Punch" writers who were in court may have wondered if Mr. Justice Darling will ever be invited to the "famous round table."

In a practical way, but with a light touch of comedy, the Judge dealt with the beginning of the strained relations between Mr. Thomas, Mr. Lucy, and Sir John Robinson, and then referred to Sir F. Burnand's reply to Mr. Thomas's written complaint that "Toby, M.P." only barked, and was quite harmless," and to illustrate a point in his remarks quoted a passage from Goldsmith's immortal Islington mad dog and the Islington godly man.

This dog and man at first were friends,

But then a quarrel began.

The dog to gain some private ends

Went mad and bit the man.

"Toby's" Limitation.

"But," added his Lordship, "Toby, M.P., unlike other dogs who come into court, is not entitled to his first bite."

Criticism, as he had said, must be honest, but it need not be expressed in the calmest possible language, continued the Judge, dropping into more serious vein.

A man might be honest and at the same time angry. There were expressions in the article which, if written about someone who had not submitted himself to public criticism, would amount to actionable libel.

Ridicule and sarcasm were the legitimate weapons of a critic, although they might cause pain, and if the critic produced the impression that the work was bad, and the man who wrote it a poor craftsman, it was not actionable.

The jury then retired. Their deliberations were not prolonged. They returned to court with a verdict for £300 for Mr. Thomas.

LOST MILLIONAIRE.

Divers Trying To Solve a Mystery of
the Sea.

Diving operations were conducted yesterday near the West Pier at Brighton, in the hope of solving the mystery of the disappearance of Mr. Mulford Martin, the American millionaire.

It will be remembered that Mr. Martin was last seen on the West Pier on May 1. The fact that he displayed a number of 45 notes attracted the notice of a number of people there. But he was never seen to leave the pier.

The most active attempts have been made to find him, but the unceasing search has brought no fresh details to light. A clairvoyant medium was even consulted, but her sensational statements have led to no result.

The detective firm employed by Mr. Martin's relatives have now come to the conclusion that he never left the pier. It is argued that he either jumped into the sea or was pushed in.

On this theory the diving investigations begun yesterday are based. It is expected that the body will be found lodged in the under-water structure of the pier.

Another circumstance is being considered by those inquiring into the matter. A fishing smack which came into Brighton a day or two ago reported having seen a dead body floating near the fishing ground.

Fishermen as a rule object to taking up dead bodies, as it leads to subsequent inconvenience and loss of time without compensation.

Therefore the body, which may have been that of Mr. Martin, was allowed to remain in the water.

PROBLEM OF THE ALIEN.

Case of a Nomadic Child Not Provided for
Under the New Bill.

The adventures of an eleven-year-old alien girl, said to be a Russian, were related at Worship-street yesterday.

Her only relative in this country is a sister, who was willing to keep her. But the child ran away from her sister.

Her case had been considered by the Jewish Board of Guardians, who had provided her with another home. Again the child ran away.

Mr. Mead was unwilling to commit her to a home, and so make her a charge upon the public.

Even the new Aliens Bill would not meet the case by any provision for shipping the child back to Russia.

Finally, she was sent to the workhouse on the understanding that the guardians would bring her case under the notice of the Foreign Office.

MARRIED MISERY.

Husband Charges Wife with Stealing His
Insurance Policies.

Very pathetic was the story of married unhappiness told at Clerkenwell yesterday, when Ernest Metcalfe, a theatrical agent, charged his wife, Rose Metcalfe, an actress, with stealing four of his insurance policies.

It was suggested that her husband had before accused her of stealing £4, which he afterwards found in his coat lining, but this he denied. She had appeared in "Florodora" and "The Belle of New York." After returning from Manchester recently she told her husband she had become fond of another man, and could live with him no longer.

In discharging Mrs. Metcalfe the premises said the policies—one of which was for her own benefit—were always kept by the wife, and it was a case for a civil court.

TALE OF A LATCHKEY.

Showing How It Is Sometimes Dangerous To
Be Too Obliging.

A desire to oblige appears to have been the cause of a charge of burglary preferred yesterday against Frederick Hall, a pugilist, of Marylebone. Shortly after midnight he entered the premises of a Mr. Ryder, in Newham-street, using a latchkey. He walked upstairs and tried the door of a room where an old gentleman was sleeping.

A conversation with the occupant followed, and then Hall entered the room of Mr. and Mrs. Ryder.

It is explained that he was trying to find the owner of a latchkey given to him by a woman with two children, who had asked him to return it for her.

Mrs. Ryder admitted that an occupant of the house had been missing on the night in question, and Hall was remanded on bail of 40s, the magistrate saying he would be discharged unless further evidence was forthcoming.

COLONIES' GIFT TO THE NAVY.

Colonial contributions to the British Navy were officially quoted by Mr. Petyman yesterday as follows:—Australia, £200,000; India, £103,400; Cape Colony, £50,000; New Zealand, £40,000; and Natal, £35,000—a total of £428,400.

DRESS AND CRICKET.

Ladies in Dreams of Chiffon and
Lace at Lord's

'VARSITY PICNIC.

Yesterday's Lord's cricket ground out-chiffoned itself. It beat all its previous 'Varsity match records in the matter of frocks and flairs.

This success was associated with a huge joke organised by no one knows whom—possibly the familiar genius of the "simple life."

For at 11.30, when the Oxford team came out to field, instead of finding themselves encircled by tier on tier of merry colouring, they saw bare rows of fog-coloured benches, with just a pink gown and a scarlet sunshade here and there to show with what these benches ought to have been filled.

Had everybody gone to Henley? Was the 'Varsity match to be boycotted by the fickle fair?

Somebody said that the environment was worthless, and everybody else was too disappointed to punish him.

Still, there were the empty coaches, rows and rows of them. They were a sorry substitute for radiant faces under summer hats, yet their presence denoted that their owners wished to pay a compliment, however trivial, to the poor, neglected match.

With eleven sighs the Oxford men set about their business of getting Cambridge out, and becoming engrossed in the game forgot their chagrin.

While Cambridge wickets were falling something mysterious must have been going on behind the grandstands and covered seats. Secret forces must have been gathered together in lurking places.

On the practice ground there are numberless arbours, suitable nooks to discuss chiffon in. Possibly, as hinted above, up-to-date femininity does not consider it in accordance with the simple life to display the glories of afternoon costume before it is afternoon.

Frocks Appear.

Be the explanation what it may, directly the players made pavilionwards for lunch thousands of lovely frocks came blossoming forth, apparently from nowhere. In a few short minutes the green-sward was a dream of fair women.

Perhaps this is the explanation—that the fair women who had mysteriously blossomed were a dream.

A lovely dream in which light blue, cream, sterilised pink—if such an ugly expression may be permitted in such a beautiful connection—and primrose-yellow predominated.

Round and round the pitch they swept, these lovely wearers of loveliness, until they remembered that they were hungry, and others took their places in the kaleidoscope.

There was no question of dreaming about the luncheon-parties that were going on all round the ground. Feasts had been spread on coach-tops, in tree shades, and in arbours; and the prosaic, though musical, pop of the flunkey-drawn cork was brimful of reality.

No, it was not a dream. It was a joke very pleasantly arranged by the fashion that says that the Oxford and Cambridge match now begins at 1.30.

"SOLICITORS MUST LIVE."

Should a Lawyer Appear for One Party After
Being Consulted by the Other?

"I have never known such a position to have arisen before," said Judge Rentoul, K.C., in the City of London Court yesterday, when it was explained that the plaintiff in the case had, in the first place, consulted Mr. Robinson, a solicitor, who now appeared for the defendant.

"It is a strange state of things," said the advocate who now appeared for the plaintiff.

The Judge remarked that when a barrister was in doubt as to whether he ought to hold a brief he usually consulted the Attorney-General. There was not any intentional impropriety on Mr. Robinson's part, but he thought he ought not to appear for the defendant under the circumstances. The case would be adjourned for another solicitor to be instructed.

Mr. Robinson said the matter was much more far-reaching than might appear on the surface. Litigants might, if so inclined, easily prevent an advocate who had specialised in a particular line of cases from appearing, and so ruin his practice. Solicitors must live like other people.

Judge Rentoul suggested that Mr. Robinson should consult the Incorporated Law Society.

DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.

"But you are a tailor," remarked Judge Snyly to a debtor who pleaded at the Shoreditch County Court that he could not pay as things were bad. "You must be doing well now, as everyone is ordering a summer suit for the holidays."

"Ordering, yes," said the debtor sadly, "but not paying for them."—Small order made.

STOLEN PEARLS.

How the 1,700 Guinea Necklace was
Taken from Christie's Rooms.

The inner history of the theft of the 1,700-guinea pearl necklace from Christie's rooms was related at Marlborough-street yesterday, when Annie Grant was committed for trial on the charge.

The prisoner, a good-looking woman of about thirty years of age, denied the theft.

Mr. Bodkin, in opening the case for the prosecution, brought to light some interesting facts as to the method by which it is alleged the imitation substituted necklace was obtained.

After a close inspection of the jewellery exhibited the woman went to the Parisian Diamond Company's establishment, with a mental photograph of the pearl necklace in question.

She selected an imitation necklace as nearly like it as could be found, and paid £5 for it. Then she ordered some additions to it, including that of an imitation diamond clasp.

Later she returned with the necklace again, requiring further alterations to be made in it.

The one detail she failed to notice related to the tab. That used by Christie's was buff in colour, while the imitation article had a white tab tied to it. This led to the immediate detection of the fraud.

The constable who arrested Grant deposed that she said she was an American actress, with two children in Chicago. Her motive for the robbery was to obtain money to return to them.

The woman reserved her defence.

ARCADIAN INNOCENCE.

County Where Jurymen Are Happily Ignorant
Through Absence of Crime.

At the conclusion of an action for libel at the Oakham Assizes, Rutland, recently, the jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff.

The Judge thereupon asked them what damages they found, and to this they replied: "We leave that to you, my lord."

It was pointed out to them by the Judge that that was their especial duty, and they ultimately assessed the damages at a farthing.

It is the first time for about five years that there has been any civil business for trial at Oakham, two actions having been set down on the present occasion.

As also there are seldom any prisoners for trial, there is never more than one day allowed for the disposal of the business at the Oakham Assizes.

"A MASTER OF CRAFT."

Wants a Summons Against Board of Trade
for "Pauperising" Him.

"Why should not my master mariner's certificate be restored to me? Why should my wife and daughter be deprived of my legitimate support? Why should I be perpetually pauperised? And why should I not be allowed to do my duty in the walk of life which it has pleased God to allot to me?"

This was the loud-voiced appeal of an elderly man named Mullins in applying at Bow-street yesterday for a summons against the assistant secretary of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade to show cause to this effect.

Applicant had already been told, said the magistrate, that his certificate had been taken away because of some mental trouble; but Mullins declared that at an asylum to which he was sent three doctors had pronounced him sane.

The magistrate was unable to grant the summons.

THE BAD-TEMPERED HUSBAND.

For thirty years of her married life her husband had called her bad names, and she wanted a separation, remarked an applicant at Clerkenwell yesterday.

"If you have managed to put up with his conduct for thirty years, surely you can manage a little longer," replied Mr. d'Eyncourt. "Try to get him in a better temper."

THE SUNDAY PAPER WITH
THE LATEST NEWS.

"Weekly
Dispatch.

ONE PENNY.

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS.

KEEN PLAY IN 'VARSITY MATCH.

Mann's Luck in Tossing—Good
scores by Young and Keigwin—
Udal and Martin Bowl Well.

HONOURS EASY AT CLOSE.

By F. B. WILSON
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain).

When E. W. Mann beat K. M. Carlisle over the spin of the coin in the toss for choice of innings in the Inter-Varsity match at Lord's yesterday, Cambridge stock went up with a jump. Mann has been extraordinarily lucky this year in this department of the game, and Carlisle has been distinctly unfortunate.

Eyre and Payne opened for Cambridge to the bowling of Evans and Burn, on a wicket which showed signs of the morning's rain, and which had rather a lot of grass on it. Runs came steadily for a time, both batsmen shaping well. At 25, however, Eyre played back to one that he could have reached out for, and was bowled by Udal.

Mann followed, and runs came steadily, Young especially making some fine shots on the outside. At 73 Mann played a weak shot to Evans, and was caught at mid-off. This came as a great shock to Cambridge, who rely to a great extent on their captain for runs.

PAGE SNAPPED AT THE WICKET.

Page came in and made a few forcing shots, but he was never comfortable to Martin, off whom he was shortly snapped at the wicket by Bird. 85—3—12.

With Keigwin in Young completed his 50, but a run later he was leg-before to a high, full pitch from Henley. His innings was an extremely good one, and in the course of it he played a variety of good strokes, with plenty of confidence. Payne joined Keigwin, and both played good, careful cricket, keeping up their wickets till lunch, when the score was 131 for four.

After the interval runs came quickly. Mainly through good cricket, Payne made some good shots and some high sky ones, but fortune favoured him, especially in one case when he would have been caught at extra but for hesitation on the part of Bransford.

At 158 Payne was out off a bad shot from a shocking ball. In hitting at a slow full pitch on his wickets he mis-timed the ball and was caught and bowled.

THE VALUE OF FULL TOSSES.

The record of Varsity and Eton and Harrow matches shows the full pitch to be a most useful all. 183—5—36. Two runs later Colbeck was bowled off stump by Udal. The ball was pretty well up to him, but he was a week late for it.

Followed Macdonell, who cut Udal fine for 4. Two balls later, however, in attempting the same shot, he gave a hard chance to Wright, who had been turned out to third slip.

At 198 Keigwin, who had been playing very good cricket, reached 50, but the next ball McDonnell nibbled at, a rising one from Martin, and was nicely taken at second slip by Bransford. In the same over May had the middle peg shot out, seven wickets being down for 198.

USEFUL LAST WICKET STAND.

Without another run being scored Keigwin was well caught left-handed and high in the slips by Evans, off Udal. Followed Napier, and some comic business. He made one fine 4 from Udal, and then was neatly bowled. In the next over he drove Martin finely for 4, and nicked him between his legs and the wicket for 3. At 218 the innings closed; Napier being caught and bowled by Udal for a most useful 18. The last wicket put on 20.

Martin and Udal both bowled well, though neither was really fast, a fact proved by Bird standing up to both of them.

Bird kept wicket extremely well, being very strong on the leg side. The Oxford catching was good, but the ground fielding was not brilliant.

Evans and Carlisle opened for Oxford at 4.10 against Napier and Morcom. Evans quickly

(Continued on page 14.)

OCTOGENARIAN CAKE.

Marriage Dainty Kept in a Stone Jar for
Nearly a Century.

In the store window of Andrew Hair on Wood-land-avenue, Denny, is to be seen a wedding-cake of two years old.

The cake was baked December 23, 1823, by Miss Benjamin, afterwards Mrs. E. B. Day, of Wall, N.Y., for the wedding of her sister, Charity Benjamin, who became the wife of

Harvey.

It was kept in a jar, and has been kept there

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

St. Paul's Church, Cheltenham, has a movable pulpit, worked along rails by means of a wire rope.

Because his weighing-scales were unjust to the extent of 20z. against himself a Burnley grocer was fined ten shillings and costs.

During the past two months £91 3s. 4d. has been spent on advertising the crematorium at the City of London Cemetery. A pamphlet descriptive of theatorium is now to be issued.

Although deprived of his licence, the proprietor of the White Hart Hotel, Euston-road, continues to sell wine, owing to the fact that he is a member of the Free Vintners' Guild, one of the oldest bodies in the City.

London's average daily supply of water during May was 233,348,000 gallons, or nearly thirty-five gallons to each of the 6,720,912 inhabitants. The total includes the quantity required for extinguishing 236 fires.

Lord Ardwall, in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, yesterday, gave judgment in the Irving photograph case, and held that the copyright of Sir Henry's portrait belonged to Mr. Clement Shorter, and not to Mr. Crooke, the photographer.

Mr. Harry Liddell, of London and Donaghcloney, Co. Down, as official Unionist, and Mr. Andrew Beattie, of Dublin, as Independent Unionist, were nominated for the West Down vacancy yesterday. Polling takes place on Monday.

There is no intention, says Mr. Arnold Forster in a Parliamentary paper referring to the new Volunteer regulations, yesterday, of compelling Volunteers who have passed the age of forty-five to resign. Neither is there a regulation requiring men of either the regular forces or Volunteers to be first-class shots as a condition of active service.

Essex County Council have decided to erect motor-car danger signal posts in the county at a cost of £100.

For the construction of reservoirs at Cricklewood the Metropolitan Water Board will be recommended to accept a tender of £25,443 at their next meeting.

In the post-office of a small village in the West of Ireland the following notice may be seen:—"The public is requested not to be loitering here except on business."

Attended by the Hon. Derek Keppel, the Prince of Wales left Marlborough House shortly after noon yesterday for Sandringham, where the Princess of Wales and her children are now staying.

Under the heading of "Servants requiring places" in a local Lancashire paper, the appended advertisement excited no little amusement:—"Lady wishes to recommend her late housemaid; has left through death."

Ninety-four living descendants of the Rev. Thomas William Wrench, M.A., rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, and Chaplain to the Drapers' Company for forty years, advertised the centenary of his birth in yesterday's "Times."

In a sandpit, about four feet from the surface, at Middleton-on-the-Wolds, East Yorkshire, the skeleton of a man, believed by a well-known antiquarian to have been buried 3,000 years ago, has been discovered. Near the bones were found an urn and flints.

Warrington Compensation Authority yesterday awarded £2,210 in respect of the George and Dragon licence, which had been in existence more than 400 years. The sign hangs on the adjoining church, and the cellar runs underneath the edifice.

VISCOUNT AND VISCOUNTESS SELBY.



The Right Hon. William Court Gully, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, has chosen to be known as Viscount Selby on being raised to the peerage. His wife was a Miss Selby before her marriage.—(Russell.)

After trying a poaching case, a Bradford magistrate was surprised to receive a package containing some rabbits from an anonymous donor.

Mr. Alexander Freeman, who has waged to walk 100,000 miles in eight and a half years, has reached Dawlish, en route for Plymouth.

Thanks to the ingenuity of his own defence, a tramp named Frederick Brown successfully resisted a charge of breaking and entering at Blackburn. He contended that he did not break into the premises, for the door had been left open. The Bench discharged him.

Long Sutton, in South Lincolnshire, boasts the possession of the oldest Oddfellow. He joined, at the age of twenty-five, the Farmers' Glory Lodge, then in the year of its foundation, 1839, is now ninety-one years of age, and has been an Oddfellow for sixty-six years.

Dr. Ludwig Mond, at the annual meeting of the Mond Nickel Company, at the Hotel Windsor, yesterday, said he hoped soon to see the English bronze coinage replaced by nickel. The Admiralty, he also said, had decided to use nickel in the manufacture of their new guns.

The following disinterested advertisement appeared in a contemporary yesterday:—"Advertiser is willing to have a novel he has written published, and the proceeds of sale devoted to a deserving charity. His last two books made good returns. No charges whatever made for MS."

Complaint was made by Mr. Kimber at the Court of Common Council yesterday that the City Corporation had given their consent with regard to tramways being brought across the Thames bridges before the conditions had been submitted to the Court. It was now too late to discuss the scheme.

Lieutenant-Colonel T. Vaughton Dymock, of Bath, and Penley Hall, Flint, late of the R.M.L.I., left estate of the gross value of £48,070.

Gotham (Nottinghamshire) village is still suffering from scarcity of water, and for one hour only, three times a week, are the six taps turned on for the inhabitants to draw the precious fluid.

A number of retired officers have been appointed officer clerks in the new records offices in the various regional districts. Up to the present the work has been done by the orderly-room sergeants.

Sir George White, on behalf of the King, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, yesterday unveiled a memorial on the Castle Esplanade, Edinburgh, to the Gordon Highlanders who fell in the South African war.

Who can tell what London will be like in 999 years' time? asked a member of the Court of Common Council yesterday in opposing an application for an extension to this period of leases of the premises 25 to 29, Newgate-street. The application was laid upon the table.

Who shall wind the church clock? is a question now agitating the public mind at Pontefract. The vicar asks the town council to pay £8 annually, but by a majority of two the municipal authorities have refused to "pay a penny for the maintenance of church or chapel property."

Strong objection is being taken by the Lambeth Borough Council to the L.C.C.'s project in providing an inch-wide slot in the conduit of the new tramway-line from Camberwell Green to Dulwich. Three-quarters of an inch is the average, and a wider slot, it is contended, would prove extremely dangerous to cyclists.

KAFFIR MARKET A CITY BUGBEAR.

Fall in Mines Causes Depression
on 'Change.

HOME RAILS WEAK.

CAPE COURT, Thursday Evening.—The stock markets continue to be more or less disappointing, and when politics are not upsetting things the Kaffir market acts as a bugbear, the continuous decline in prices not only preventing interest being taken in other sections, but necessitating forced closing of accounts all round the "House." The reason given for the fall in mines to-day was that a German group was liquidating, while Paris only lent half-hearted support. No change was made in the Bank rate. Investment stocks started the day well, but a set-back in Consols caused a reaction in the rest of that department, especially in the case of the Irish loan. The close was comparatively firm.

The Foreign market had a dull appearance, while Japanese bonds had a special cause of weakness of their own, as the new loan for £30,000,000 in Four-and-a-Half per Cent. stock at 90 is expected to be offered on Monday. The scrip fell to 14 premium at one time, closing 11 premium. No dealings were reported in the latest issue, but the stock was offered at 14 premium. Internationals lost ground, Russians being a weak feature at 87½. Colombian bonds were in good demand at 43½, and Uruguay Three-and-a-Half per Cent. rose to 69½. Peruvian Corporation issues reacted sharply, yesterday's good traffic having failed to stimulate purchases. Copper shares were less active and lower during the morning, but closed without alteration.

FALL IN GREAT EASTERNS.

So far from the Home Railway market showing any improvement, the state of business appears to be growing steadily worse. General liquidation took place and prices crumbled away, the dealers being reluctant to buy stock they cannot dispose of. Among the Heavy Stocks Great Easterns were one of the weakest spots, falling to 84½, while North-Westerns were also flat at 149½, as it is feared the rise in cotton will affect the industry in Lancashire. Southern stocks were weak, especially Brighton "A." Underground and Scotch stocks were also offered, recent traffics having been none too encouraging.

Yesterday's profit-taking in New York rather surprised the American market, which had been so strong last night in the Street. Prices were kept well over parity, but suffered a relapse during the afternoon. After the first half-hour of Wall Street tables, prices took a decided turn for the better under the lead of Eries and Readings. Union Pacifics and other grain-carrying shares derived considerable benefit from the good crop report issued by the Government. Renewed attention was paid to Mercantile Marine issues in expectation of a good report due to-day. The common rose to 13½ and the preferred to 32.

MUSCUDONS BAY RALLY.

In the Miscellaneous market Hudsons Bays continued their upward rally. Decans fell to 34, Pekin Syndicates suffered from some forced closing and dropped to 15, while Shansi shares were only 18½. London Dock Deferred showed pronounced weakness at 58. Gas-Light Ordinary was rather lower at 94½.

The Kaffir market was weak from the start, especially when it was found that some real selling had to be done. Prices broke sharply, but the weakness was not of long duration, and a little support given to the proper moment caused a moderate rally, and led to some repurchases on the part of the "bears." Goldfields, after being 6, closed at 6.32, and Rand Mines recovered to 9.32. The Rhodesian market fell away in sympathy. Very little interest appears to be taken in Egyptians just now, and prices were scarcely improved. A slight improvement in the Ashanti Goldfields crushing as compared with last time caused a trifling rise in the shares to 1½. Taqahs were lower at 1 5-16. Among Westralians, Associated shares received some benefit from a fresh strike, rising to 2 1-16. Indian mines had a dull appearance, especially Coregon descriptions. A further recovery took place in Broken Hill issues. Camp Birds rose to 33s. 6d. on the increase in the quarterly dividend to 1s.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JULY 7, 1905.

A BAD SIGN.

THE instinct to hush up scandals is a very bad sign of social decay. Unfortunately it is an instinct which seems to be gaining ground in this country. And, once started, the hushing-up tendency increases very rapidly.

Every scandal that is kept quiet breeds many others. People whose honesty is on the border-line get the impression that it is pretty safe to grab what they can out of the public purse. The number of those who can only be kept honest by fear of the consequences of dishonesty is very much larger than most of us imagine.

Parliament has done, or rather left undone, many things which have given rise to the idea that it is less dangerous (in the vulgar phrase) to "make a bit" out of the public now than it used to be. The Whitaker Wright affair, the Army Contract business, the holding of company directorships by Ministers, large profits made by public men in dealings with the Government—such incidents as these have suggested to the popular mind that there is not quite so much difference in these days between strictly honourable dealing and—the other thing.

Naturally we see fruits of this suggestion, as, for example, in the disgraceful frauds upon the ratepayers of Holborn. The latest revelation made to the council of this Tammany borough is especially grave, on account of the statement that Freemasonry was invoked as an attempted means of hushing it up.

We must not, of course, pre-judge the case of Major Isaacs, late mayor of the Royal Borough of Kensington. It may be he has a complete answer to the charge of obtaining compensation for the abolition of an office he never held. But nothing could be more disquieting to all who value probity in public life than the notion that a great and widespread and, on the whole, valuable institution like Freemasonry can be made an organ for shielding offenders and glossing over their offence.

The only way to keep public life in this country from degenerating into such a sordid, dirty-handed, conscienceless business as it is in the United States is to drag into light every suggestion of double-dealing or dishonesty. The hushing-up tendency, if not defeated, will certainly land us in America's plight.

E. B.

AN ORIGINAL WEDDING.

The *Daily Mirror* has spoken out more than once about the grotesque vulgarity of certain American weddings, marked by a nauseating money-pride and a merely stupid lavishness of decoration.

Let a word be said now in praise of the picturesque and original marriage ceremony which young Lord Bute planned for himself and Miss Bellingham in Ireland yesterday.

Lord Bute is very rich—a millionaire seven times over it is said. Yet there was nothing whatever of ostentation about his wedding. Instead there was a pretty touch of romance, a graceful fancy, a boyish lover's imaginative delight in winning and carrying off the girl of his choice.

We should welcome more signs of originality in the arrangement of fashionable marriages so long as the ideas did not become too fantastic. The St. George's, Hanover-square, kind of wedding has begun to pall. Everybody knows exactly what it will be like beforehand, and the unexpected never happens.

Captain Guest the other day did try to be a little unlike other people by declining to wear a frock-coat or a flower in his buttonhole. But that is not sufficient. Every bridegroom ought to plan out his own ceremonial, as Lord Bute has done. Then we should get variety enough.

N. B.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

No man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truly knows another.—*St. T. Browne.*

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

TO-NIGHT'S state ball at Buckingham Palace practically sees the end of all the great Court functions for the present year. The same number of invitations have been issued for this ball as for the last, when the King of Spain was present, and the list was closed by the Lord Chamberlain at least six weeks ago.

The anxiety which people in society feel to be present at a state ball may be compared with that which used to be felt amongst many worthy men to be members of Parliament. When they get there they are probably not excessively amused, but they have received a kind of mill-mark, and any amount of boredom is worth supporting for that. The King and Queen have made state balls besides as pleasant as they can be made, though their Majesties prefer small entertainments, such as a carefully arranged dinner with some discreet entertainment to follow it. The Queen is particularly fond of "imitations" of well-known actors, and any hostess may please her by getting one of her guests to amuse her with these.

The King and Queen will both be present at the double marriages of her Majesty's Maids of

It is worth noticing, by the way, that the King of England had no official secretary until the time of George III. Then one was appointed at a salary of £2,000.

It must be an immense relief for M. Loubet to feel that the term of his Presidency is approaching, and that he has managed to evade the terrors of his position far better than he could ever have expected. In Paris, when he was chosen to be President, after the death of M. Felix Faure, he used to be hoisted in the streets by a certain section of anti-Republican politicians. His hat was demolished by a cane at the Auteuil races, and I remember a clever cartoon by Forain which brought out the sense of uncertainty that haunted his Government. The cartoon represented M. Loubet after his first year of office, contemplating his calendar, and saying, with a sigh of relief: "One year gone at last!"

M. Loubet is one of the few people who have, in these money-worshipping days, a sincere indifference for wealth. He is looking forward to his retirement with the pleasure of a boy. He is like the wife of a certain French millionaire whose story was told me recently. This lady suddenly disappeared from her husband's house a few days

—being afraid of giving offence by. At the Bar-mess one of the barristers accused him of "unprofessional conduct," accepting less than gold. "Excuse me," said Mr. Birrell, "but I took all the poor devil. I consider that is not unprofessional."

The marriage of Lord Hyde and Miss Verena Somers-Cocks has now been definitely settled to take place in London on August 5. That is the Saturday in Goodwood week, and will just catch many people on their way to Cowes.

Lord Hyde, who is the future Earl of Clarendon, is, without doubt, the most popular young man in London. He is tall and very good-looking, with irreproachable manners, and would make an ideal Lord Chamberlain. He has had considerable experience in Courtly etiquette, owing to his connection with the Viceregal Court, and those who saw him take part in the procession at the famous Empire ball in Dublin last March will remember the dignified and graceful manner with which he intimated to their Excellencies that the dance awaited their presence, and then conducted them to their places.

Miss Somers-Cocks is one of the daintiest and prettiest of girls. She was staying in Dublin throughout the past season, and it was really there that the engagement began.

Signora Duse has quite recovered from her recent indisposition, which was brought on by the heat. Last night she repeated her magnificent performance of "Odette" at the Waldorf, and tomorrow night appears for the first time in Sardou's "Fedora." It was Sarah Bernhardt who made this play the immense success it was in Paris. It ran for 200 nights there when it was first produced.

Great competition used to go on amongst young men in the social world there to play the mite part of Fedora's lover, whose dead body is brought in and laid on a couch at the back of the stage in the first act. At the end of the act Fedora weeps over the body of the dead man. In order to have the honour of being wept over by Sarah politicians, authors, society butterflies used to beg for the part of the dead man and be allowed to "play" it for one night, each taking his turn!

Consuelo Duchess of Manchester and Mrs. George Keppel have taken a little house near Newmarket for the week. It is called "Primrose Lodge," and is the property of Lord Rosbery, as the name implies. Lord and Lady Wolverton have a party staying with them at Queensberry House, or, as it was jokingly called at the time he built it, "Ugly House," but whether this name was given on account of its appearance or after a horse Lord Wolverton owned, it is difficult to say.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. H. W. Lucy.

HE is the only contributor to "Punch" who has ever been taken seriously. Mr. Moy Thomas has just won £300 for an alleged libel written by him in that paper. As "Toby, M.P.," he has chronicled the movements of jaded members of Parliament with unalterable humour for so long that he has become as much of an institution as the Speaker's Chair.

It is "From Behind the Speaker's Chair" that he has written. He is always to be seen hovering about there, a noticeable figure with his white hair sticking up in bristles all over his head, an aspect generally alert and wakeful.

He has a marvellous collection of anecdotes, and he entertains with these the guests who dine once or twice a week with him at his house in Ashley-gardens. Everybody known in the world of politics has visited that house, even the late Mr. Gladstone, who accepted on a postcard.

He is the most happily married man one could imagine. As a reward for their long, untroubled union, "Mr. and Mrs. Toby" were awarded, about eight years ago, the famous Dunmow fitch of bacon, which is only the highest of honours who have found marriage an unequivocal success.

He edited the "Daily News" for a short time, and the stress of that employment made him a little melancholy. Now he merely criticises Parliament during the session, and escapes when that duty is over to his pretty house near Hythe.

IN MY GARDEN.

JULY 6.—The tall evening primrose is now a lovely sight after sunset. It is interesting to sit opposite this favourite plant, watching the flowers open. There are several perennial varieties of the evening primrose (some growing less than a foot high) that are easily cultivated and continue in bloom a number of weeks.

Day lilies, with coppery-coloured flowers, look cool and healthy in their shady quarters. Round them creeping-jenny covers the ground with a haze of gold.

Lucky are they whose gardening is interrupted by the pleasant task of haying! Honey-suckle, jessamine, roses, have in all sweet scents; but the perfume of new-mown hay floating through the garden is now almost as welcome. (E. F. T.)

PERFECTING THE VOLUNTEER FORCE.



Mr. ARNOLD-FORSTER: We shall get him as the War Office wants him presently.

Honour, Miss Dorothy Vivian and Miss Mary Hart-Dyke, on Tuesday next. The ceremony takes place in the very small chapel in Buckingham Palace, so only very few invitations have been issued owing to want of space, and it is said that several relatives have been unavoidably excluded from the weddings, much to their disappointment and chagrin. There is to be a luncheon-party given by their Majesties after the service. Both the young ladies have received superb presents. The Queen has given Miss Vivian a lovely tiara of rubies and diamonds.

Lord Knollys, who has just left town for a short holiday, is not, I understand, seriously indisposed. It is quite natural, after all, that he should suffer from the strain of a long season, and require a rest at the end of it. Lord Knollys has served King Edward faithfully as private secretary ever since 1870. His duties are extremely important. He has to organise, with mathematical accuracy, the hours for the audiences which his Majesty may grant to his subjects, to see that all is prepared for the functions attended by royalty, and to open or classify the innumerable begging letters which have to be answered in a stereotyped way.

Time is a matter of vital importance in the crowded life of the King. I heard that an important official arrived five minutes late at an appointment fixed for three o'clock one afternoon not long ago at Buckingham Palace. The result was that he had to wait until all the other people there had finished their business before he could obtain an audience. It is wonderful how, in spite of the rigidity of Court rules, Lord Knollys manages to conciliate all with whom he comes into contact.

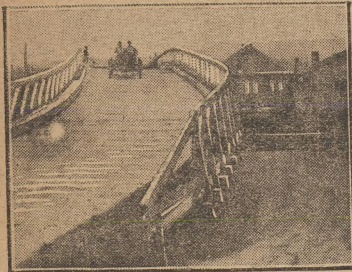
after the marriage of her daughter. She was discovered, months afterwards, by a friend, living in a little cottage by the Seine some miles from Paris. It was understood that she had only lived so long with her husband for the sake of her daughter.

When the girl married she escaped quite deliberately and calmly from the huge mansion in the Avenue Malesherbes, and from the receptions and diamonds and carriages. All these things, she obscurely felt, were gained by an unscrupulous system which heaped million upon million necessarily out of the pockets of others, and she preferred to live on the meagre allowance left her by a spirit in peace than on the wealth earned in a manner which she felt to be unscrupulous. Such a hero as that of the Baronne de D— is rare, and that is why her story is worth telling.

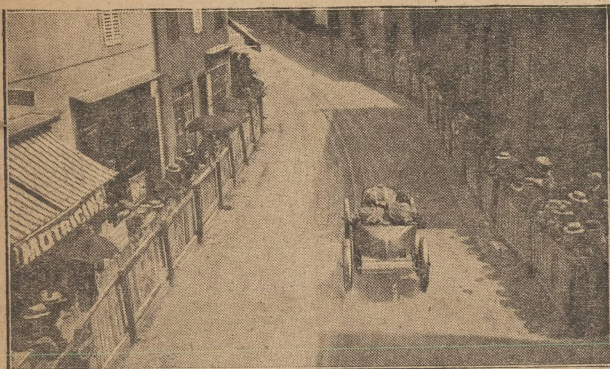
For years Mr. Augustine Birrell, who appeared for the defendants in the libel action which Mr. Moy Thomas brought against the proprietors of "Punch," has certainly been one of the greatest humorists at the Bar. According to a story told about him, he was once addressing the jury in a Welsh court when an ass was heard braying outside. "Stay, Mr. Birrell," said the Judge, "one at a time, please." Mr. Birrell, confused, waited his turn, and it came when the Judge was summing up. The ass started braying again. "M'Lud," said Mr. Birrell, "don't you hear an echo in the court?"

They say that it was Mr. Birrell, too, who took up a brief for nothing and won the case for his client. Some months afterwards the grateful client sent a P.O.O. for 15s., which Mr. Birrell accepted

Gordon-Bennett Race Photographs.



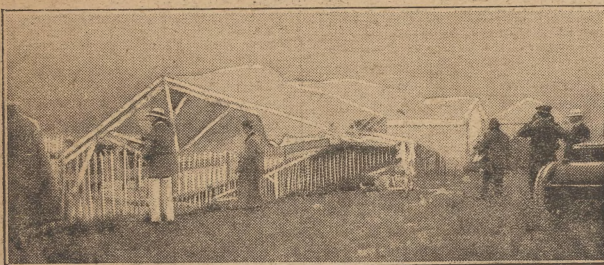
One of the bridges specially constructed over the railway for the Gordon-Bennett motor-car race on the Auvergne circuit. Each of these bridges costs £800 to construct. Altogether the arrangements for the race cost about £12,000.



M. Théry, the French winner of the great motor-car race, passing through one of the villages on the course on his 96-h.p. Richard-Brazier car. His average speed for the entire 342 miles was not far short of fifty miles an hour. The barriers erected by the side of the road for the protection of the villagers will be noticed in the photograph.



A violent storm swept over the Auvergne country late in the day before the Gordon-Bennett motor-car race, and some of the tents, in which the English Wolseley and Napier cars were housed, were blown down by the force of the wind. In the photograph a number of gendarmes may be seen at work endeavouring to raise one of the wrecked tents.



Some more tents wrecked by Tuesday's storm. Fortunately the cars within them were undamaged, and two mechanics who were buried in the fallen wood and canvas were rescued unhurt. In addition to the tents two stands were blown down, and the temporary telegraph station was carried away.

Scenes at Ro



Perfect weather and the prospect of some exciting racing in the finals for the Grand Challenge Cup and the Diamond Sculls brought canoes, and even a gondola or two. Our photographs give a good general idea of the scene, but they cannot reproduce its brilliant colouring, one of the most picturesque of the

TENNIS CHAMPION.



Photograph of Miss Sutton who yesterday won the Ladies' Singles Tennis Championship at Wimbledon, defeating all the best English players.

ENGLISH EIGHT WIN AT H



The Leander Club crew, winners of the Grand Challenge Cup. In the top row, going from left to right, are R. V. Powell, Thomas, F. S. Kelly, R. H. Nelson (stroke), and H. A. St. John. In the bottom row, from left to right, are Guy Nickalls, Mr. Wilks (coach), and R. B. Etherington (cox) is in front.

RELIGIOUS PROCESSION IN PARIS.



The photograph reproduced is a snapshot of the Corpus Christi procession at the Madeleine in Paris.

YESTERDAY'S WED



On the left is the Marquis de... Seated are the Dowager...

JULY 7, 1905.

yal Henley.



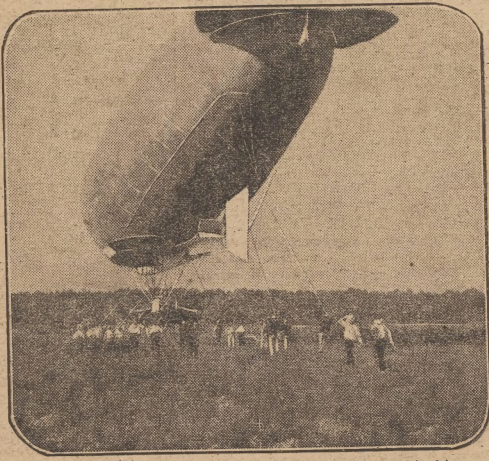
a big crowd to Henley yesterday, and between the races the course was thronged with river craft of every description—skiffs, punts, pouring or show the flash and sparkle of water rippling under sunlight, and it is these which help largely to make Henley Regatta year's sporting festivals.

ENLEY.



p at Henley yesterday. F. J. Escombe, P. H. ward. The three seated Smith, and G. S. Mac-

LEBAUDY'S LATEST AIRSHIP.



M. Lebaudy's latest airship is a great improvement on his thirteen earlier models, and its performances are being watched with the closest interest by the naval and military authorities. The photograph was taken as it was descending in a field at Meaux during its aerial voyage across France.

ING PHOTOGRAPH.



d next to him his bride. and Lady Bellingham.

CATHEDRAL WATCHDOG.



The Irish terrier Jack, which has just been appointed to the Westminster Roman Catholic Cathedral staff.

VIEWS

'VARSITY MATCH.



Old 'Varsity men on their way to witness the battle of the cricket Blues at Lord's yesterday. A snapshot taken just outside the ground.



Oxford v. Cambridge at Lord's yesterday. The match is the seventy-first to be played between the rival universities. Both teams are strong this year, and a good fight is anticipated.

FIRST PRIZE ROSES.



At the National Rose Society's show, opened yesterday at the Royal Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, the roses photographed gained first prize in the competition for lady exhibitors. They were shown by Miss Turner, of Edgware.

GOOD USE FOR BROKEN VICTUALS.

Sisters of Nazareth Who Collect
Left-Over Food from Restaurants.

HOW ASCOT'S PIGS FED.

"What a shame!" said a little Sister of Nazareth to the *Daily Mirror* yesterday, when she learned that a large quantity of food left on the stands at the recent Ascot race meeting had been given to the pigs.

"If it had only been sent to us we should have been delighted. I hope the racing people will not let such a thing occur again. Surely charity begins with poor starving humanity."

The interview took place outside the kitchen of one of Lyons' restaurants in Fleet-street. Two of these unassuming, faithful little women, in their table robes and blue-liged hoods, had just collected armfuls of alms, while their charity wain waited on the opposite side of the street.

It was exactly noon, and about a dozen well-stocked sacks of food had been gathered on their rounds since eight o'clock in the morning. It would be six o'clock before the sisters returned from their peregrinations to Nazareth House, Hammersmith, till diurnal errand of mercy of ten hours' duration!

Like all true emissaries of charity, the Sisters were cheerful as sunbeams. While one talked the other stood smiling by, silently appreciating every sentiment of her sister. Their bundles of bread and miscellaneous scraps were carefully concealed under the ample folds of their cloaks.

Outside a policeman observed them waiting on the kerbstone, and by an act of courtesy worthy of a canvas, the officer held up the traffic an instant to let the good women cross to their van.

A pedestrian—most probably a visitor unfamiliar with the everyday incident—stood to see them safely to the other side, willing to escort them, but shrinking from public notice in the timidity of his gallantry.

FREE FOOD FOR THE STARVING.

Eight vans go out from Nazareth House every day, in charge of two Sisters, and leave no well-to-do district of London untouched.

"You could not name a street of any consequence where we have not regular charitable customers," said the Sister who did the speaking, looking towards her listening associate, who smiled assent.

"We get a wonderful assortment of food, and it is very seldom indeed that we have any to spare for the pigs, like the racing people at Ascot; and then, of course, it is only because it cannot be put to any better use."

"But scarcely any of our alms goes bad. The givers are most thoughtful in that matter. They keep everything clean and wholesome. Knowing that we have a lot of ground to cover on our rounds, it is the invariable rule to have the alms ready for us to take away."

"Nobody knows so well as we know what a number of kind-hearted people there are in London, who take no thought of creeds or nationality, caring only that the hungry poor should be fed. We are like charity lady travellers, with regular customers who give us weekly orders—postal orders preferred," added the Sister with a merry laugh.

"At our home the household of aged poor and incurable orphan girls numbers 600 at present. We make no distinction as to creed or country, and the inmates are free to attend their own places of worship."

Once inside their unostentatious carriage, the roof of which was covered with a profusion of alms-bags, the sisters were borne a few yards further east, to halt again and again and gather more food from the overflow of hospitable kitchens. It looked hard, monotonous, and irksome work, but that was not how they regarded it. To them it was a labour of love in the best of good causes.

"Tell the Ascot, Newmarket, and all the racing authorities around London to keep Nazareth House in mind next time their supply of food is greater than the demand."

"The pigs might get what we cannot take away," said the Sister, with a smile.

VALUE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

Its Service to Modern Journalism in Depicting the Doings of a Week.

Pictures have always exercised a fascination over the minds of human beings, and this in remote ages, when the art of pictorial representation was amazingly crude. With the development of art, and in a special manner photography, this fascination has grown more powerful, more irresistible than ever, and modern journalism has not been slow to avail itself of the extraordinary advantages which the camera has placed within its reach.

The charm and utility of photography as a means of recording news may be seen in excellent advantage in the "Illustrated Mail," the popular penny weekly edition of the "Daily Mail." It is published every Friday, and shows at a glance the whole of the week's doings in a series of unique and beautifully printed photographs.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

ENGLISH MANNERS.

Why are smokers allowed to occupy the front seats on cars and omnibuses? Have men no consideration for women?

Coming from Canada, where there is decided restriction on this habit, I am disgusted at the selfishness of Englishmen, who not only offend as above, but insist on smoking in their own and other people's drawing-rooms.

MRS. JACK.

THE NOISE OF LONDON.

I agree with Mr. Prime when he points out that American cities are less noisy than London. London's noise is due to the fact that everybody here is allowed to do as he or she thinks fit. If I want to sing, scream, recite, whistle, or play a drum in any residential quarter in London, apparently I am allowed to do it. If I were in Paris the police would soon suppress me. Here we are too much afraid of making scenes to protest against noise-makers.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN.

Cranley-gardens.

ELUSIVE CANCER CURES.

What has become of the new treatment for cancer which was referred to so much last November and December? It was called "radixia," or some similar name.

A public demonstration was promised. Has anything resulted, or was the treatment merely another failure?

It seems a pity to have raised the hopes of sufferers by positive statements of good results having been obtained, and then for the originators to refrain from saying whether or not their expectations have been realised.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

Ladbroke-grove.

PORTERS AS SPIES.

Russians Betrayed to the Police by the Doorkeepers of Their Flats.

The dvornik, or house-porter, is an institution in every Russian city.

The doorway of each block of flats and apartment-house is watched over by one of the fraternity. Nominally the dvornik guards the interests of the tenants by whom he is employed. In reality he spies on them and frequently levies blackmail.

For some months past it is certain that a great many dvorniks have been in the pay of the police. The "Moscow Viedomosti" recently quoted a case in which a dvornik, employed by a M. Simbirski, betrayed his master to the authorities. M. Simbirski befriended the man when he was starving, clothed him, and appointed him house-porter to his town residence. Within a month the dvornik was approached by the police, and the evidence and stolen letters which he supplied them with resulted in M. Simbirski's sudden disappearance. Simultaneously the treacherous dvornik vanished from the house.

AMERICAN HUMOUR.

Witty Paragraphs from the Other Side of the Atlantic.

"Oi was at a wake lasht night."

"Was Kelly there?"

"Whoi, Kelly was th' loife av th' wake; he was the corpse!" "Puck."

Mike: Sure, me rich Uncle Terry died and left me all his money.

Pat: An' did you get it?

Mike: Oi did not; after his death they found he was a pauper, an' Oi didn't get a cent av his fortune!—"Life."

The young philosopher read the placards announcing fresh violets at a dollar a bunch, roses at a dollar apiece, etc., and then muttered, "It's a pity things can't grow for us when we want them." Here his better second thought came into play. "Yel," he reflected, "if they grew when we wanted them like as not we shouldn't want them."—"Boston Herald."

"I never could understand," whispers the first wedding guest, "why it is that the bridegroom is not called the best man instead of the other fellow getting that complimentary title."

"You haven't been very observant," replies the second wedding guest. "The bridegroom can't be the best man, because he is going to be the bossed man."—"Judge."

A believer in Christian Science recently inquired of a friend's small son: "How is your father?" "Father is feeling bad, and complains much of his health," said the boy.

"That's all nonsense," replied the friend; "the next time your father complains, you must tell him that it is all imagination. Tell him to brace up; there is nothing the matter with him—he just thinks he is sick."

Two or three days after the gentleman again met the boy, and inquired about the health of his father. "Father thinks he is dead, sir," replied the boy.—"Argonaut."

ONE FALSE STEP.

BY HENRY FARMER.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

FRANK CHESTER.—A young man who comes to London after a University career. He is to be given a start in commercial life by the great Vincent Devenish—the chance of a lifetime.

TOM MAYFIELD.—An old schoolfellow of Frank Chester's, heavily in debt.

QUEENIE MAYFIELD.—Tom's sister. An orphan. She has started in business as a florist and table decorator, in which she is succeeding.

MR. DEXTER.—The obsequious, oily cashier in the office of Vincent Devenish.

EVE DAINTREE.—The young widowed daughter of Vincent Devenish, and heir to his wealth.

HESPER MORDAUNT.—Stockbroker, by whom Tom Mayfield is employed.

VINCENT DEVENISH.—Of the Blue Star Line. A commercial and financial magnate.

Frank Chester came to London to have an interview with the great Vincent Devenish, of the Blue Star Line, who had offered him a start in life.

During the interview Devenish is called away for a moment, and Chester catches sight of the bank-notes for £20,000 which Mr. Dexter, the great man's cashier, had left upon the table, done up in parcels of £2,000 each.

Fascinated by the sight of so much money, Chester makes his "false step"—he takes up one of the parcels of notes to experience the sensation of handling so much money, and before he can replace them Eve Daintree, Devenish's daughter, who is already known to him, enters.

Chester, in his confusion, thrusts the notes into his pocket, and during the whole interview with Mrs. Daintree has no opportunity of returning them.

He is therefore reduced to confessing the notes, when he leaves Devenish's office, to his friend, Tom Mayfield, who promises to return them.

Mayfield disappears altogether, however, and Chester, who waits in vain for him, is only kept from suicide by Queenie Mayfield, Tom's sister, who persuades him to wait for Tom's return until the morning.

In the morning Dexter, the cashier, appears. He explains that he saw the theft, and offers to lend Chester £2,000 in exchange for an L.O.U. He declares that this will be an excellent investment, since Chester is certain to become his employer, and to marry the daughter of Devenish.

Chester falls into the trap, and thus slings a mill-stone round his neck.

Meanwhile Queenie Mayfield warns him mysteriously against falling into Dexter's power, and her warning is echoed by Eve Daintree, who confesses her hatred for Dexter when she meets Chester at Devenish's office in the morning.

It soon becomes evident that both Eve Daintree and Queenie Mayfield are falling in love with Chester.

CHAPTER VIII.

Chester experienced an intense feeling of relief as the clerk entered up the numbers of the last note. Then Mr. Dexter himself made an entry in a ledger.

"Twenty thousand pounds," he muttered mechanically, as if voicing what he was writing.

For a moment he glanced sideways at Chester, and the shadow of a smile played round his thin, rather hungry-looking mouth—an indulgent, reassuring smile.

"Now I am at Mr. Northcote's service," he said. "A most pleasant day, is it not, Mr. Chester?"

Chester followed him into the adjoining office. There was no part for him in the business transaction that followed, so he took his stand at one of the windows and watched the flowing traffic below.

So much had been crowded into the past twenty-four hours that he had scarcely yet recovered his sense of proportion. He was like a man who awakes after a confused but haunting nightmare and is not quite certain whether he has been dreaming or is wrestling with the sleepy memories of events that have actually happened. Now, as he stared from the window, he tried to assume a calm, judicial frame and consider his own situation from an impersonal point of view. But this judicial attitude is far more easily assumed when the actions of other people than one's self are under review. The first, almost unreasoning, sense of relief experienced when Dexter volunteered to make good the missing notes had changed to one of vague uneasiness, despite the fact that the cashier had made it obvious that he had kept his word.

Had Dexter acted disinterestedly?

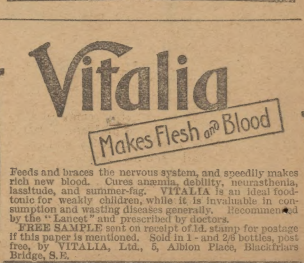
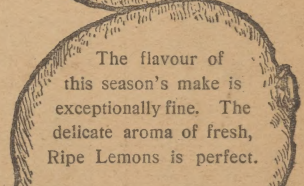
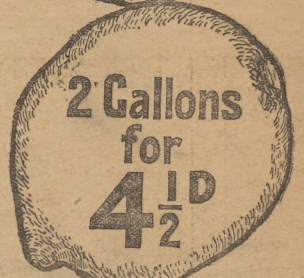
This was the all-important question, and it was precisely this question that Chester was unable to answer. On the one hand his first impression of the man had been unfavourable, and both Queenie Mayfield and Eve Daintree had cautioned him against Dexter, the latter more strongly than the former; but, on the other hand, the fact remained that Dexter occupied a position of great trust under Vincent Devenish, and the absurdly easy conditions that he had imposed on Chester were, on the surface at least, those of a man actuated by kindly, not sinister, motives. But Chester was unaware at present of certain strong collateral security possessed by the cashier in the shape of an unfinished letter, all the stronger and more compromising because of its unfinished state.

If, as Eve had hinted, there was a mysterious scheme on foot to get the control of the business out of Vincent Devenish's hands, and he, Chester, was looked on as an unwelcome intruder, Dexter had missed his chance of getting rid of him at the very outset.

From whatever point of view he looked at matters, Chester could arrive at no definite conclusion. He could only regard Dexter as X, the unknown quantity in the unsolved problem of the future.

The sound of the door closing announced Northcote's departure. Chester turned to find himself

(Continued on page 11.)



Feeds and braces the nervous system, and speedily makes rich new blood. Cures anemia, debility, neurasthenia, lassitude, and summer-heat. VITALIA is an ideal food-tonic for weaker children, while it is invaluable in consumption and wasting diseases generally. Recommended by the "Lancet" and prescribed by doctors.

FALLEN HOUSE AT PORTSEA.



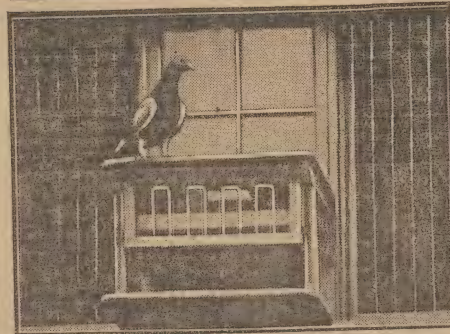
Owing to the demolition of the adjoining building, the house photographed suddenly collapsed in Queen-street, Portsea.

AT GRAVESEND HOSPITAL FETE.



The procession of small children in Japanese costume at the fete held in Rosherville Gardens, in aid of the funds of the Gravesend Hospital. The fete was opened by Lady Arnold.

500 MILES IN SEVENTEEN HOURS.



The upper photograph shows Mr. J. W. Matten with the homing pigeon which won the great flight from Marennes, in France. It maintained a speed of 361 yards per minute all the way to its loft at Epsom

LOOK BRIGHT AND PRETTY

That is, of course, what everyone wants to do, but you should remember that you cannot do this if your face has pimples, a rash, or little red spots upon it. It is especially difficult to look nice on a bright summer day with a clear light shining on your face if you are afflicted with pimples, as the sunshine shows up even the slightest facial blemish. You, yourself, notice spots of this kind when you look in the glass, and are annoyed by them, and you may be quite certain that other people will notice them too, and perhaps make remarks about it behind your back.

You need not have blackheads, rashes, or skin irritation, either on your face, hands, neck, or any other part of your body. If you do, it proves you would rather keep them than take the small amount of trouble necessary to get rid of your skin trouble.

There cannot be the slightest doubt as to the value of "Antexema" either for slight skin troubles, such as those mentioned, insect bites, skin irritation from acid perspiration, blisters, or chafed skin, or for the more serious forms of skin trouble, including eczema, in all its varieties, psoriasis, and netterash. One great advantage of "Antexema" is that if your skin is at all irritated this ceases immediately "Antexema" is applied. "Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1s. 3d. from the "Antexema" Company, 83, Castle-road, London, N.W. A copy of the revised edition of our handbook, "Skin Troubles," is enclosed with every bottle.

A British Institution.

Wherever the Englishman goes he carries his bath with him, and his morning tub is familiar to the inhabitants of every country into which he has penetrated. It is a great compliment to the Englishman that his desire for personal cleanliness should be regarded as one of his chief characteristics. People understand nowadays that frequent bathing is not a fad, but a means of maintaining the body in perfect health and vigour. If the pores of the skin are stopped up by dust, dirt, or by the oil secreted by the glands, it is impossible for the various organs to do their work efficiently. If, on the other hand, the pores are kept perfectly open, there is not an organ or function of the body that is not benefited thereby.

WHEN YOU ARE TRAVELLING

If you are going away on holiday it is a good thing to carry your own soap with you, because there is so much inferior soap about, and its use will be injurious to your skin. It may look very nice, be gorgeously scented, and have a high-sounding name, but for all that it may be bad soap, which will work mischief to the skin. When you use "Antexema Soap" you know that you are using a scientifically-prepared, high-grade soap, and one that is suitable for the toilet, bath, or nursery, for washing the skin, or shampooing the hair.



Take a Tablet With You.

you are using a scientifically-prepared, high-grade soap, and one that is suitable for the toilet, bath, or nursery, for washing the skin, or shampooing the hair.

A BATH WITH "ANTEXEMA SOAP"
If you want to experience both luxury, especially on a hot day or after a dusty cycle or motor ride or a long walk, you should have a bath with "Antexema Soap." It will draw out of your skin every bit of dust and impurity, and make you feel deliciously cool, fresh, and energetic.

A BEAUTIFUL HEAD OF HAIR

Everyone dreads getting bald, and if proof of this were wanted it would be found in the large number of advertisements for hair growers and hair restorers. It must, however, be remembered that if



"That's Refreshing."

Soap. Men should have such a shampoo once a week, and women once a fortnight, but if there is dandruff, and early signs of baldness are showing themselves, the hair should be shampooed more frequently. A shampoo with "Antexema Soap" frequently cleanses the scalp, removes dandruff, promotes healthy hair growth, and is marvellously refreshing and invigorating.

"ANTEXEMA SOAP," which embodies the refreshing fragrance and invigorating and antiseptic properties of the pine tree, is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores at 6d. per tablet, or in boxes containing three tablets for 1s. 6d. A tablet will be sent post free for 7d., or three tablets in a box for 1s. 6d., by the Antexema Company, 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 10.)

alone with the man occupying his thoughts—X, the unknown quantity.

"A rather delicate transaction," said Dexter smoothly, "in which we are acting on behalf of a foreign Government. There are times when a cash is preferable to a cheque payment."

During office-hours he seemed to discard his personality and become an obsequious and well-oiled business machine. But a moment later his personality asserted itself, and he breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"For my own sake, as well as yours, Mr. Chester," he continued, lowering his voice, "I am thankful everything has passed off so smoothly. All's well that ends well. We should both of us sleep soundly to-night!"

He held out a smooth, white hand. His firm, but velvety grip inspired Chester with a curious sensation. Did the velvet mask claws? Chester felt horribly uncomfortable. Granted that Dexter had behaved magnanimously where he was concerned, it was unpleasant to be under an obligation to a man whom Queenie Mayfield, with a hot flush on her face that told a tale plainly as words, described as vile, and Eve Devenish as utterly contemptible and untrustworthy. The thought jarred his sensitive, clean nature badly.

"I'm intensely grateful," he said rather clumsily. So he was; but the words were inclined to stick in his throat. His debt robbed him of his independence, and he realised this painfully. He was again experiencing the friction of the yoke.

Mr. Dexter laughed quietly, and shook his head in almost playful remonstrance.

"You overrate my services. I have the double satisfaction of having obeyed my natural instincts and invested my money on a certain winner."

"A certain winner?" muttered Chester, and stood for some minutes, his forehead puckered with uneasy, puzzled lines; but X still remained the unknown quantity in the unsolved problem. Dexter was behaving with the greatest delicacy and consideration. There had been no harping on the subject, rather he seemed anxious to dismiss it as lightly and as quickly as possible; but—

With a very big "but" pressing on his soul, Chester turned his attention to the morning papers. One problem had only yielded to another. What of Tom Mayfield?

Remorse was again tugging at Chester's heart-

strings, and the agony of mind that he knew Queenie to be suffering was torture. He owed his life to this brave little woman, whose self-reliant, lovable face rose up before him distinctly. She had taught him, too, a tremendous lesson. Now that he was sane and looked back on himself as he was when he meditated self-destruction, he realised that he must have been possessed by a species of madness; he saw more clearly the cowardice of his contemplated act. His soul shuddered as it peeped again over the brink of the dark abyss from which Queenie had dragged him. And possibly he had done her brother an injustice. But even if this were not so, Tom Mayfield must be forgiven—for his sister's sake.

A close study of the morning papers threw no light on the mystery. There were no cases of "found drowned" or unknown people in hospitals. The world was joggling on as usual.

Chester flung himself into a chair, and linked his hands tightly round his forehead, as if the action assisted thought-concentration.

Mayfield had visited Devenish's office, and subsequently entered a cab; but with what intention?—to follow up Devenish to his private house? Yet he had not called at the house in Portland-square. If he had met with an accident, he must have either been taken to a hospital or brought home to his flat. If taken to a hospital in an unconscious condition, he would either have been identified by papers about him, or, if not, the Press would be used to advertise the appearance of the unidentified man. And if the notes were found on him, this fact and their numbers would be the first things to appear in the papers.

So Chester reasoned that if Mayfield had met with an accident, the fact would find its way, and that quickly, into public notice. But there were other possibilities. He might have been robbed, though this was discounted, in Chester's opinion, by the fact that nobody, excepting himself, knew Mayfield to be in possession of the notes. He could not possibly have been the victim of some carefully-planned scheme to rob and spirit him mysteriously away. And if he had neither met with an accident, nor been robbed, then there was nothing left but to assume that Mayfield must have yielded to temptation.

Chester's feelings were those of a man trying to find his way through fog, now and again catching a glimpse of an illusive light that guided him for a few steps, and then vanished, leaving him in greater doubt than before.

Possibly, however, evening might bring news of

the missing man; but, if not, then Chester decided that he must map out a plan of campaign with Queenie, a plan that would include a careful study of the papers, perhaps the insertion of carefully-worded advertisements, visits to the hospitals and the police, and possibly—Chester thought of the girl and shivered—possibly to a mortuary.

He sprang from his chair, and paced the great room, burdened now with gloomy misgivings and oppressed by the tangles that meshed him about. He sought escape from his thoughts by visiting Mr. Cruft, the general manager, in his office, and, having introduced himself, handed over Mr. Devenish's letters. On his return, it flashed on him, with a pang of regret, that he had not yet written home. He sat down and wrote to his mother, once pausing to thank God silently that it was granted him to write as he could write now. He saw himself as he had been when he watched the hands and listened to the relentless tick of the clock—the picture brought sweat to his forehead.

He was addressing the envelope when Mr. Dexter entered, gloved, suave, but sufficiently business-like in appearance not to be mistaken for a mere dandified man-about-town.

"Will you hunch with me, Mr. Chester?" he asked.

"Thanks, very much; but I'm lunching with Mr. Devenish."

Mr. Dexter smiled faint approval, and was about to retire when a commissionaire entered.

"Mrs. Daintree is below, sir!" he said, addressing Chester.

Mr. Dexter elevated his eyebrows like a man pleasantly surprised, and withdrew. But, in the office beyond, his expression changed to that of a man in whose mouth is the taste of bitter ashes. The thin, but rather lascivious, lips shaped cruelly.

When he reached the street a smart victoria, an irreproachable coachman on the box, and an equally irreproachable footman on the pavement, was drawn up outside the offices. Eve Daintree leant back among the cushions with a certain proud yet easy grace characteristic of the woman. She was sheltering herself from the warm sun with a parasol, a thing of lace and dainty colour.

Her eyes rested for a moment on the well-groomed, elegant figure of the cashier. It was quite obvious that she saw him; but as the man bowed and raised his hat, she deliberately turned away her head and drooped her parasol. It was as cold and deliberate a "cut" as woman ever gave

(Continued on page 13.)

REFRESHING AND BEAUTIFYING COMPLEXION LOTIONS MADE OF FLOWERS.

THE BEAUTY SPECIALIST.

A DISCOURSE UPON THE SUBJECT OF FACE UNGUENTS.

A few days later Julia paid a visit to Mrs. Templer, and sat down in her pretty boudoir.

"I want to ask you all sorts of questions," she began after the first conventionalities were over. "I must tell you that I am acting as deputy for several of my friends, who only know you by reputation, but who have provided me with a prodigious list of questions."

"This sounds rather formidable," replied Mrs. Templer, "but I will do my best to help you." Julia consulted her list.

A Remedy for Sunburn.

"Question one from Maude Dalrymple, 'What can I use for my face after motoring and while I am at the seaside? I suffer from sunburn, and have tried many remedies without success.'"

"If it is not a very severe case of sunburn I should advise Miss Dalrymple to use this lotion two or three times a day," answered the specialist. "Mix half a pint of lavender water, two drachms of powdered borax, half an ounce of dissolved isinglass, the strained juice of one lemon, half an ounce milk of almonds, and half an ounce milk of sulphur. Shake this lotion well before using it."

"Many thanks," said Julia, who had written down the prescription. "Another friend says she would like to know of some cooling face lotion made from flowers. She thinks there is something poetical in the idea of using floral lotions."

Mrs. Templer laughed. "An old lady I knew, who possessed a beautiful complexion, also shared the belief that floral lotions were good for the skin. She said she had never used anything except boiling milk poured on to violets, and attributed the freshness of her skin to this lotion."

"Yes, it is one of the most delightfully refreshing face lotions there can be, and one that is easily made at home."

"How is this to be done?" inquired Julia.

How Elder-Flower Water Is Made.

"Stew about ten of the heads of the elderflower in a pint and a quarter of water. Place the jar which should be covered, in a saucepan half filled with water, and let the contents simmer for six or seven hours. Then rinse a wide-mouthed bottle out with eau-de-Cologne and strain the elderflower water through this, adding a tablespoonful of eau-de-Cologne to every pint of elderflower water."

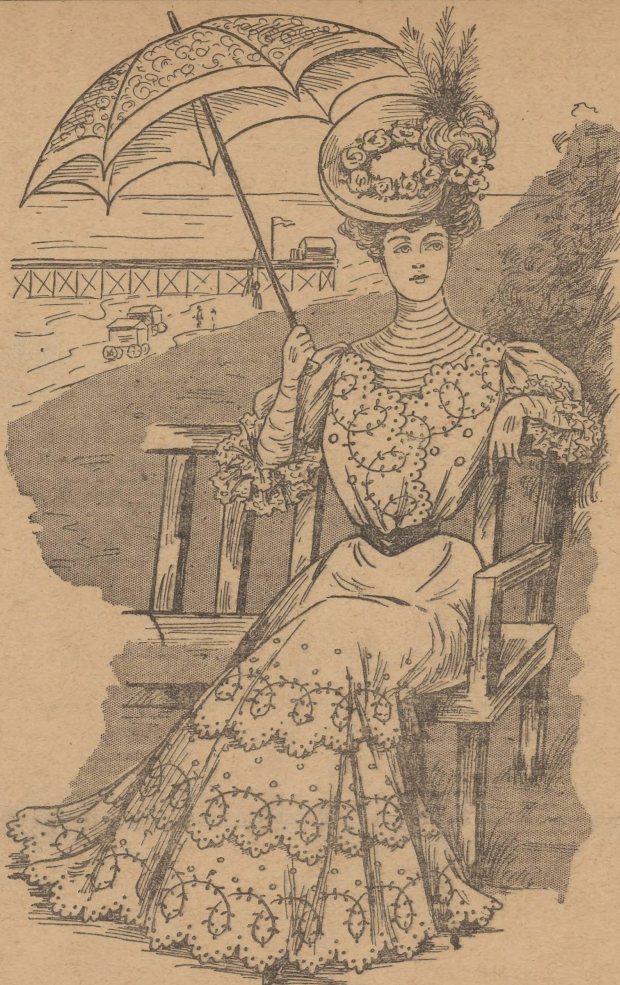
"That sounds quite easy," said Julia. "Can you tell me of any other floral lotions?"

"Rosewater is practically a lotion of flowers," replied Mrs. Templer. "And some women use a mixture of half dilwater and half rosewater as a simple wash to clear the complexion."

"I thought dilwater was only employed for babies," remarked Julia.

"That is its general use," answered her hostess. "But many believe in its efficacy for improving the complexion, and I am among them."

(To be continued.)



A pretty seaside costume made of white lawn embroidered with eyelet holes and tendrils in coral-pink cotton. The parasol matches the dress, and the white chip hat is trimmed with roses and white ostrich plumes.

ONE FALSE STEP.

(Continued from page 11.)

man. And it evidently stabbed Mr. Dexter like a sharp knife. His lips suddenly tightened across his teeth like catgut; but an instant later he was himself again.

"Oh," whispered Eve fiercely, "how I loathe the very sight of that woman!"

But it was a charming, gracious, and animated woman who greeted Chester.

"We lunch at half-past one," she said as she seated herself beside her in the victoria, "and I want to call at a couple of shops in Piccadilly first."

Then she addressed herself to the irreproachable footman.

"The Fernery," she said.

The Fernery was the name which Queenie Mayfield and her two partners, after much consideration and discussion, had given to their newly-opened florist's business in Piccadilly.

But Chester was unaware of the fact.

Fate is very fond of setting problems in which two women and one man, or one woman and one man figure, and then leaving the solution to be worked out by the victims themselves. The human triangle, and how to square it, is a frequent puzzle in everyday life.

CHAPTER IX.

Queenie Mayfield had reached business two hours late. The Fernery, a little band-box of a place, looked out on Piccadilly, and was set in the base of a palatial hotel, new-risen on the site of a restaurant, a one-time haunt of gilded youth and those butterflys that flutter about wherever so-called "fads" congregate. From the point of view of business the site was admirable, and The Fernery was both popular and prospering. Queenie's attractive, winsome personality, as well as her skill—she possessed unerring taste in matters of colour and decoration and a remarkable

talent for design—was in a great measure responsible for this growing prosperity. She also possessed the happy knack of winning the respect of her customers as well as charming them. She had quite a number of ardent admirers among the young exquisites who patronised the shop, but she was singularly free from false modesty and self-consciousness, and also realising that young exquisites were good for business she made herself exceedingly nice to them; even though they bored her insufferably. But the young man who was shortsighted enough to pass the borders of good taste—and some men are hopelessly blind in this respect—had the error of his ways sharply brought home to him.

Before quitting the flat, she had searched through her brother's papers, and found the unfinished letter addressed to her, the letter in which Mayfield wrote of having slipped over head and ears into debt, and of his inability to put matters straight unless—

Other letters, also, clamouring for money. And these letters had shaken the girl's faith, though she still clung to it. But it was not the support it had been. She was beginning to admit, though she hated herself for the admission, that there was just a possibility that Tom had yielded to temptation.

Yet the other horror, the horror that he had been robbed and had disappeared, as men and women sometimes disappear in London never to be seen again, was still paramount. She, like Chester, had thought shudderingly of hospitals and police-stations, and mortuaries. But at the same time the other possibility, that he might have yielded to temptation, held her in check. In that case, he must be screened. A false step might not only incriminate him but the man whose slip of the fingers was responsible for all the present misery.

But there was no reproach in her heart for Frank Chester. If she had seen him at his weakest, when he contemplated what to her was the coward's escape from trouble, she had also seen him at his best, when, his weakness mastered, he had crushed under his bitterness against her brother, and though he might not have succeeded in convincing her

that he believed in Tom's innocence, had manfully done his best to give her that impression. His subsequent tenderness and sympathy lived vividly in her memory. If she had been strong in the moment of his weakness, he had subsequently shown his strength when she, in her turn, faltered and turned coward. And she felt now that she wanted the help, the advice, and the sympathy of someone strong.

And Frank—she thought of him as "Frank"—now—had promised to help her in the quest for her brother. He had thrust his personal feelings on one side for her sake. Before parting from her to go to Mr. Devenish's office, he had begged her to wait till evening; then, if no news had been received of the missing man, they would map out a plan of campaign together.

At the time, Chester had completely forgotten that he had accepted Mr. Devenish's invitation to dine that evening.

The aggressive entrance of Mr. Hesper Mordant into the shop snapped the tangled threads of Queenie's torturing thoughts.

Planting his elbows on the little counter between them, he took comprehensive stock of the girl with the eyes of a sensualist.

"Sorry about having to get rid of your brother," he said. "But when his creditors look to coming to my office it became a bit too thick."

He leered at Queenie. His coarse, bull-dog face was flushed from sundry gin-and-bitters absorbed with a view to stimulate an appetite for lunch. He was capable of assuming somewhat better manners than he was exhibiting at present; but it was his habit to treat Queenie as he treated sundry yellow-haired barmaids with whom he was on familiar terms.

"At the same time," he continued, "I might reconsider the matter, if a certain little girl that I've taken a fancy to—"

He reached out suddenly, and attempted to chuck Queenie under the chin.

(To be continued.)

Insuring Against Loss of Hair.

MR. GEO. R. SIMS' TATCHO POLICY.

Many business men and women say that they attribute the fact that they are able to keep their heads to their being able to keep their hair in a youthful condition. Unconsciously many men and women for the want of this simple precaution have found the first nail driven into the coffin of their business careers. Every year the cry

"Too Old at Forty"

becomes more acute. When Professor Osler, who has just arrived from America to take the chair as Professor of Medicine at Oxford, said that men should be chloroformed at sixty, he was not taken seriously. From the point of view of being able to make a living, how true it would have been if Professor Osler had put it that we might as well be

Chloroformed at Forty.

because the man is bald or showing a tendency that way, or the woman grey and sparse of hair. Now there is a remedy for all this if people will but apply for it. That remedy is Mr. Geo. R. Sims' "Tatcho." "Tatcho" alone will do it.

Those engaged in commercial pursuits where *goodly appearance is a sine qua non* (and in what business is it not?) cannot do better than take the cue from the Army and Navy. Officers high in authority say that greyness and baldness are, *thanks to "Tatcho,"* now practically unknown both in officers and rank and file. By using "Tatcho" you are positively

Insuring Against Loss of Hair, greyness, or actual baldness. A touch of "Tatcho" occasionally is all that is required. "Tatcho" is not a remedy for the rich only. The institution of the system by which the public are able to obtain, carriage paid, a

4/6 Trial Bottle of "Tatcho" for 1/10

has brought "Tatcho" to a level with other necessities of life. The system was instituted and is being continued solely to educate the people to the value of Mr. Geo. R. Sims' discovery. Each user being a living testimony to the powers of "Tatcho," a hundred thousand users are of infinitely greater service in securing an enduring reputation than a hundred thousand pounds spent in the orthodox methods of Press publicity. In "Tatcho" you have the specific which is in use in the Army and Navy hospitals and convalescent homes, and is being prescribed by doctors themselves to hundreds of patients and non-patients. Humanly speaking, success in overcoming baldness, falling hair, and grey-hair is assured by the use of "Tatcho."

CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

and send with P.O. or stamps for 1/10 to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London. By return you will receive a full size 4/6 trial bottle of "TATCHO," Carr. Paid. "D. M."

TENNENT'S



LAGER BEER.

GUARANTEED BRIGHT AND FREE FROM SEDIMENT.

To be obtained of all Grocers and Wine Merchants.

Matured in Cold Storage for months before being bottled.

See that every bottle has the Red T Label.

London Stores: Nightingale Lane, Lower East Smithfield.

Liverpool Stores: 19, Leazes Road, N. E.

WELLBARK BREWERY, GLASGOW

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

You can make 15 Large, Light, Delicious, and Wholesome Buns from a 1d. packet of Eiffel Tower Bun Flour at a cost of 3d. With its use a Child can make with certain success delicious Lemon, Vanilla, or Almond Buns. ASK YOUR GROCER for

EIFFEL TOWER BUN FLOUR

And if unable to obtain same, write direct to S. FOSTER, CLARK & CO., Eiffel Tower Factory, MAIDSTONE.

CHILDREN TESTING.—Give the little sufferer Scott's Emulsion and stop those sleepless nights! Teeth come without pain or bowel trouble when Scott's is given. Be insistent on Scott's—the only Emulsion that has a test of 30 years; the only one made by the "Scott process." "Fish man" trade mark on every bottle. All children like it—they know instinctively it does them good. Send 4d. (for postage), mention this paper, and receive sample bottle which will prove your child will like it. Scott and Bowne, Ltd., 30-31, Stonecutters Street, London, E.C.

ST. DENIS WINS PRINCESS OF WALES'S STAKES.

The King and a Brilliant Company Witness an Excellent Afternoon's Sport.

MR. CHAPLIN'S WAGER.

NEWMARKET, Thursday Night.—Superb weather contributed to the enjoyment of the large and distinguished gathering present this afternoon to see the great race for the Princess of Wales's Stakes—a prize of 10,000 sovs. It was won in a canter by Mr. S. B. Joel's St. Denis. The King, one of the earliest arrivals in the patrician circle, watched the contest from the balcony of the new stand. Beside his Majesty sat Mr. Henry Chaplin and the Duke of Devonshire, and on the same tier were Lord Falmouth, Prince Christian, Lord Durham, Lord Cadogan, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and a notable French visitor in Le Comte de Berteux.

The sun beat down with great force, and the leafy plantation did not afford complete shade to the innumerable ladies, enjoying one of the pleasantest alfresco festivals of the season. A light breeze betimes tempered the heat, but parasols in multi-coloured variety were used, and many of the men employed cotton sunshades. Throughout the early hours speculators traded with bookmakers by laying odds on Mr. Musker's Henry the First, but there was a great deal of money invested on St. Denis.

The King's purple and scarlet colours were carried by Chatsworth, and I was interested in seeing Mr. Chaplin walk across to the betting ring, and personally support Chatsworth to win a modest stake.

The biggest professional, and most successful, bettor of this or any other era did not back the favourite but declared for a huge amount on Chatsworth and St. Denis, and some clever persons changed their usual practice and betted against Henry the First. Many of the South African millionaire contingent supported St. Denis, and their example was followed by such keen judges as Lord Arlington, so at the close even money was the quotation against Henry the First, prices ranged from that cramped price to 100 to 1 against Exchequer.

The last-named horse carried Sir Ernest Cassel's second colours, a distinguishing red cap, as Love Charm, the stable companion, was reckoned to hold a superior chance. It was an object lesson in the fortunes of racing, when Exchequer beat everything except St. Denis.

As the competitors emerged from the paddock and made their way through long lines of spectators on the course, the leaders were St. Elgar and Chatsworth, the latter in blinkers. St. Denis seemed shy to move, and his jockey, Maher, had to use some finesse. This horse, though by no means a beauty, looked extremely well in condition.

An enthusiastic young woman threw a pretty little shoe after Chatsworth, doubtlessly for luck, as the King's horse passed. Henry the First, also in blinkers, went last to the post.

The nine competitors reached the starting-post of the Suffolk Stakes course, a mile and a half away, in excellent time, and after three minutes' delay Mr. Hugh Owen dispatched them on their fateful journey in a very level line.

Most prominent of the candidates in the early stages were Love Charm, St. Elgar, Lancashire, Admiral Breeze, and Chatsworth, a notable feature being that both the favourites were in the rear with Exchequer.

Little could be seen of the vital movements in the struggle for the first mile, but as they bowed down the hill, St. Denis running under the whip took the lead, racing clear of Lancashire, Love Charm, and Henry the First, with Rydal Head in the easily distinguished colours of the Duke of Westminster. Farther back, in front of Chatsworth, this early it was seen that the royal candidate held no chance, and in another quarter-mile the favourite and Love Charm were beaten.

As they breasted the steep ascent St. Denis drew clear away, to win in a canter from the extreme outsider of the party, Exchequer. The latter beat Lancashire for second place by three parts of a length, and, curiously enough, Rydal Head, reversing the Ascot race placings, defeated Henry the First.

The winner's triumph was well received. The most extraordinary thing in the contest was the poor form shown by Mr. Musker's horse. Those who backed Sir Ernest Cassel's horse for a place get 25 to 1 for their money, a huge price if all things considered. There was some very heavy betting during the day, as for example in the July Cup, where odds of 50 to 1 were laid on Delaunay to

beat Honeysweet. It was such a certainty that one big gambler rather than go without betting laid £5,000 on to win £100.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

Princess's Plate—NOISY MILL.
Ellesmere Stakes—NABOT.
Fulbourne Stakes—WATERFLOWER; if absent, SAR-CELLE.
Waterbeach Handicap—PETIT BLEU.
Welter Handicap—ALDERMAN.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

NABOT. GREY FRIARS.

RACING RETURNS.

NEWMARKET—THURSDAY.

2.0.—TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE (of 200 sovs).
Chatsford Course, five furlongs.
Major J. D. Edwards's ALIENA, 8st 2lb. B. Dillon 1
2nd Sir E. Vincent's CYTHERA, 8st 3lb. M. Cannon 2
Mr. H. Miller's DYING DUCK, 7st 9lb. W. Saxby 3
Also ran: Kington (A. Saxby), Lady (M. Cannon), Ulfen (H. Miller), Drift On (McCall), Hubble (Underhill), Oranges (R. Jones), Lady Clarendon (F. Briggs), Salsbury (H. Hardy), Grey Gown (Bellock), Payum (Haley), Gularne (Charles), Aurelius (Blades), Rose Lips (Howard), Parted (Plant), Porte Victors (Daly), Atlanta (Madden), Scratious (Ry), David, and Lady Grosvenor (C. Martin).
(Winner trained by owner.)

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

2.30.—EXETER STAKES OF 50 sovs each, with 200 sovs added, for two-year-olds. Exeter Stakes Course (six furlongs).
Mr. Heinemann's ANKLES COIT, 9st 3lb. Bullock 1
Lord H. de Walden's DEEROSA, 8st 12lb. M. Cannon 2
Sir E. Vincent's CYTHERA, 8st 3lb. M. Cannon 3
Also ran: Pans (Jarvis), Belleborough (Maher), Heronshaw (H. Jones), and Garland (Haggar).

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

2.45.—PRINCESS OF WALES'S STAKES OF 10,000 sovs, the second receives at least 1,500 sovs, and the third at least 750 sovs, the nominator of the winner receives 400 sovs, and the nominator of the second 200 sovs.
Suffolk Stakes Course (a mile and a half).
Mr. S. B. Joel's ST. DENIS, 8st 12lb. Maher 1
Sir Ernest Cassel's EXCHEQUER, 5yrs, 9st 1lb. Martin 2
Mr. J. Buchanan's LANCASHIRE, 4yrs, 8st 12lb. B. Dillon 3

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

3.00.—SUFFOLK STAKES OF 10,000 sovs, the second receives at least 1,500 sovs, and the third at least 750 sovs, the nominator of the winner receives 400 sovs, and the nominator of the second 200 sovs.
Suffolk Stakes Course (a mile and a half).
Mr. S. B. Joel's ST. DENIS, 8st 12lb. Maher 1
Sir Ernest Cassel's EXCHEQUER, 5yrs, 9st 1lb. Martin 2
Mr. J. Buchanan's LANCASHIRE, 4yrs, 8st 12lb. B. Dillon 3

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

3.15.—JULY CUP OF 300 sovs. Exeter Course (six furlongs).
Mr. P. P. Gilpin's DELAUNAY, 4yrs, 10st 2lb. Madden 1
Mr. W. Hall Walker's HONEYDEW, 3yrs, 8st 12lb. McCall 2

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

3.30.—SELLING PLATE OF 400 sovs. B.M. (1 mile).
Lord Durham's KING'S LINGER, 7st 12lb. Griggs 1
Sir E. Cassel's SPOLIATOR, 6yrs, 8st 1lb. Halsey 2
Mr. L. de G. de St. Denis's ST. DENIS, 8st 12lb. Maher 3

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

3.45.—JULY CUP OF 300 sovs. Exeter Course (six furlongs).
Mr. P. P. Gilpin's DELAUNAY, 4yrs, 10st 2lb. Madden 1
Mr. W. Hall Walker's HONEYDEW, 3yrs, 8st 12lb. McCall 2

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

4.00.—THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP OF 200 sovs. Last seven furlongs of B.M.
Mr. L. de G. de St. Denis's ST. DENIS, 8st 12lb. Maher 1
Duke of Westminster's TANKARD, 8st 12lb. C. Martin 2
Mr. C. S. Newton's BECKHAMPTON'S PRIDE, 7st 12lb. B. Dillon 3

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

4.15.—JULY CUP OF 300 sovs. Exeter Course (six furlongs).
Mr. P. P. Gilpin's DELAUNAY, 4yrs, 10st 2lb. Madden 1
Mr. W. Hall Walker's HONEYDEW, 3yrs, 8st 12lb. McCall 2

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

4.30.—THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP OF 200 sovs. Last seven furlongs of B.M.
Mr. L. de G. de St. Denis's ST. DENIS, 8st 12lb. Maher 1
Duke of Westminster's TANKARD, 8st 12lb. C. Martin 2
Mr. C. S. Newton's BECKHAMPTON'S PRIDE, 7st 12lb. B. Dillon 3

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

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Mr. P. P. Gilpin's DELAUNAY, 4yrs, 10st 2lb. Madden 1
Mr. W. Hall Walker's HONEYDEW, 3yrs, 8st 12lb. McCall 2

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

5.00.—THREE-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP OF 200 sovs. Last seven furlongs of B.M.
Mr. L. de G. de St. Denis's ST. DENIS, 8st 12lb. Maher 1
Duke of Westminster's TANKARD, 8st 12lb. C. Martin 2
Mr. C. S. Newton's BECKHAMPTON'S PRIDE, 7st 12lb. B. Dillon 3

Betting.—Selling Plate, 5 to 1 on Alkana, 6 to 1 on Cythera, 10 to 1 on Dying Duck, 20 to 1 on each other. "Sportsman" prices the same.

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Mr. P. P. Gilpin's DELAUNAY, 4yrs, 10st 2lb. Madden 1
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CRICKET SCORES.

Moderate Play in 'Varsity Match Centuries by Hill, Noble, and Gregory for Australians.

(Continued from page 6.)

settled down, and made some fine shots, though at 18 he had a very confident appeal for leg-before, which was given in his favour.

With 41 on the board Evans pulled one into the wicket from McDowell, 41-11. Evans has only to get 16 in his second knock to beat E. M. Wilson's record of 331 in Varsity matches. Branton partnered his captain, and both batsmen played free cricket.

Carlisle, especially profiting from a let-off at the wicket, made some delightful shots. At 66 McDowell claimed a second wicket, getting Carlisle leg-before. Foster came in, but after getting about half a dozen balls he was bowled by May in making what seemed rather careless stroke.

Followed Raphael, who cricket ruled rather slow. May nearly bowled Branton with a good one, but after get loose, and was taken off for Morcom, while Napier relieved McDowell. This fast change proved effective, Branton being caught and bowled for 25, the score being 99 for four.

Off his first ball Wright put up the 100 with a rather lucky shot through the slips. Raphael was playing very well about this time, but Wright was nearly bowled by Morcom, the ball striking his chest on to the wicket. Runs came at a fair pace, both batsmen running very well. Morcom and Napier, however, bowled very steadily, and few runs were given away, the fielding being very good.

The play was very interesting up to the close, when the score stood at 166 for four wickets, Oxford having a trifle the better of the position. Present score and analysis:—

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.		M. W. Payne, c and b Udal		M. W. Payne, c and b Udal	
K. M. Carlisle, lbw, b	25	M. W. Payne, c and b	36	M. W. Payne, c and b	36
W. McDowell, lbw, b	25	M. W. Payne, c and b	36	M. W. Payne, c and b	36
W. McDowell, lbw, b	25	M. W. Payne, c and b	36	M. W. Payne, c and b	36
W. McDowell, lbw, b	25	M. W. Payne, c and b	36	M. W. Payne, c and b	36
W. McDowell, lbw, b	25	M. W. Payne, c and b	36	M. W. Payne, c and b	36
W. McDowell, lbw, b	25	M. W. Payne, c and b	36	M. W. Payne, c and b	36
W. McDowell, lbw, b	25	M. W. Payne, c and b	36	M. W. Payne, c and b	36
W. McDowell, lbw, b	25	M. W. Payne, c and b	36	M. W. Payne, c and b	36
W. McDowell, lbw, b	25	M. W. Payne, c and b	36	M. W. Payne, c and b	36

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BIG SCORES BY KENT.

Kent batsmen did well at Gloucester yesterday, stopping in all day and scoring 491. Score:—

KENT.		HARDINGE, lbw, b Bennett 33		Hutch, c Bennett, b 10	
Heare (A), b Hale	48	HARDINGE, lbw, b Bennett	33	Hutch, c Bennett, b	10
W. F. Harrison, lbw, b	48	Hutch, c Bennett, b	10	Fairweather, c out 13	
Jessop	48	Fairweather, c out 13		Haywood, c out 9	
Seymour, c Board, b	12	Haywood, c out 9		Bylde, c Board, b	19
Dunne, lbw, b Board, b	12	Bylde, c Board, b	19	Fielder, c Board, b	18
A. J. Day, c Hale, b	106	Fielder, c Board, b	18	Dunne, c Board, b	18
R. Blaker, c Jessop, b	106	Dunne, c Board, b	18	Extras	25
Dennett	48	Extras	25	Total	491

Gloucestershire: G. L. Jessop, C. L. Townsend, W. S. A. Brown, L. D. Brownie, R. T. Godsell, D. Robinson, Wrathall, Board, Hale, Bennett, and Board.

BOWLING ANALYSIS.
Kent—First Innings.
Dennett ... 42.5 ... m. f. w.
Huggins ... 32 ... 52 ... 0 ... m. f. w.
Jessop ... 11 ... 34 ... 0 ... m. f. w.

Yorksire ran up a heavy score against Somerset at Harrogate yesterday, Rhodes being top scorer with 105. Score:—

YORKSHIRE.		Haigh, c and b Brand, 70		Lord Hawke, c Foyle, b 15	
Grinshaw, run out 71		Haigh, c and b Brand	70	Lord Hawke, c Foyle	15</

Send Postcard for Nearest
Local Agent.

FURNITURE.—Lady must sell walnut Bedroom Suite, bedstead, complete, saddlebag suite, overmantel; together or separate; no offer refused.—38, Newman-st., Oxford-st.

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